

PIONEERING ON THE C.P.R.

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By FLORENCE R. HOWEY

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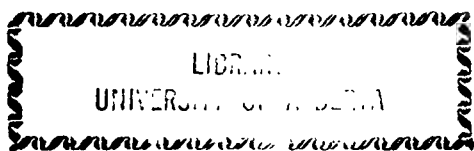
Pioneering on the C.P.R.

By Florence R. Howey



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FOREWORD

Is someone needed to put across
A worth-while piece of work,
A job which offers a worthy task
A job that weaklings shirk?
Don't look askance as weaklings might
Though hard may be the test;
Perhaps the someone now required
Is you: Then do your best.

The days grow lovelier; the air
Is chillier than it used to be
We hear about us everywhere
The haunting chords of memory.

MARGARET SANGSTER.

Coming across the above little verse recently, I felt that it meant me, as I have been urged by so many of our townspeople to write down my memories of pioneering along the Canadian Pacific Railway, and life in the early days in Sudbury. I have been a "weakling" and have "shirked the task", undoubtedly a worthy one. Not that I was unwilling, but I did not feel equal to it. However, as there seems to be no one else to undertake it, "I will do my best," and beg

the kind consideration of readers for any shortcomings in composition, and forgiveness that I have "shirked" so long, when I might have made a better job of it had I done it earlier.

I do not propose to carry it past the very early days, 1883 to 1886, but give place then to some later historian. I hope someone will be preparing to carry on after me, and if for any reason I am unable to continue, I hope someone else will be able to gather up the fragments I leave and think them worth while.



Pioneering on the C. P. R.



This year, 1933 is Sudbury's fiftieth birthday, and when I tell people that it is also the fiftieth anniversary of my arrival here, they ask in wonder how I came to be here then; so perhaps the best way to begin my story of pioneering days along the Canadian Pacific Railway when it was under construction, will be to answer that question.

If I tell it all, I shall have to go away back to a little school house in my native village, Delhi, Norfolk County, where in the eighteen seventies I was a school girl, and there was a boy attending the same school called Will Howey. Many glances were exchanged between his seat on the boys' side and mine on the girls' side, and apples and candies found their way mysteriously to my desk. I liked him rather better than any of the other boys but thought him very rough at play—tripping us up with the skipping rope, or throwing a ball too hard, or in the winter he would push us off a hand sleigh or wash our faces in snow. However, after a while he went away to the University and when he

returned after his first year, looking so smart and citified I was quite proud of his attentions. And finally we became engaged, and contrary to the old adage the "course of true love" ran very smoothly until one twenty-fourth of May. While at college he had become quite an athlete; I still possess many trophies which he won in foot races, standing high jumps, etc., so when he came home that Spring he entered for some of the sporting events which were being put on in honour of Queen Victoria. He came on the course attired in the very latest style of sport costume, which consisted of almost nothing, "à la McGill". I was shocked, horrified, and worst of all one of the competitors was a black negro. That settled it. If he had no more respect for himself than to appear in public in such a state, and in such company, I was through with him, and in the evening when he came to see me, expecting congratulations on having won the races, I told him so in no uncertain terms. I took off his ring and to finish up thoroughly brought out a package of letters he had written during the winter, and as it was a cool evening, with a small fire in the grate I dropped them on the coals — I have regretted that many times. I still have the letters which I had written him, and which I found in a neat package among his belongings after we were

married. They are yellow with age for it is more than half a century since they were written: I had never opened the package. The next day I was sure he would come again in the evening despite such a fierce dismissal, and I felt weak so I took the noon train to Aylmer West, where my sister resided, and gave her a surprise visit. It did not do a bit of good for he arrived on the evening train looking so sad and so dear. That is all. I went home, but if we had not stepped carefully over that bit of rough road in our course, I am sure I should never have been here. In the light of the present time you will probably think I was prudish—but I was a “mid-Victorian” girl, remember.

Dr. Howey graduated in medicine from McGill, Montreal, in 1878, at the immature age of twenty-two. The course occupied only four years then, and I think they turned out very capable doctors. They would take their place very favourably beside those who now grind through seven years. Surgery was very limited and there had never been an internal operation performed at McGill up to the time Dr. Howey graduated.

After receiving his degree he came home, and after observing the professional etiquette expected then, which meant calling on the three established doctors in the village (one

of whom had officiated at his birth) to inform them that he thought of opening an office there, and had been cordially received with all good wishes for success, he hung out his shingle beside theirs and sat down to wait for the rush of sick and maimed who were sure to want the benefit of the very latest ideas in medical practice. However, there was no great demand for his up-to-date services, and no noticeable decline in the older doctors' business. The people seemed to prefer age and experience to youth and science.

In the meantime, we had been married on no sounder a financial basis than great expectations. Soon we realized it was time for a change, and my young husband began to look about for a more hopeful district, where there might be fewer doctors and more sick people.

About this time the long talked of, and much scoffed at idea of building a railway across the continent, over the mountains, began to look plausible, and finally the work begun. That is where my story of pioneering begins.

Dr. Howey happened to notice in the Toronto Mail (now the Globe & Mail) that Dr. Girdwood, then professor of Chemistry

at McGill, had been engaged by the C.P.R. Construction Company as General Supervising Physician for the men employed on this division, and he was advertising for doctors. His contract was to supply medical necessities, engage a staff to do the work, and see that they did it properly. My husband told me that he thought he could get such a position by applying to Dr. Girdwood, but would I be willing to go with him. His salary would be \$75.00 per month, which seemed quite high, those days, and we would have no rent to pay, no taxes, no coal to buy and he thought it was rather good. But we then looked upon this part of the world as a frozen, howling wilderness, and it *was* too. Owen Sound and Parry Sound were about the limit of habitable territory. We regarded the Soo and Manitoulin Island as being pretty well up towards the North Pole—what then would it be like north of Lake Nipissing. It looked a long road from Lake Erie, and the map showed no sign of civilization—it seemed we were following in the footsteps of Sir John Franklin. However, I was game for the adventure, thinking it would be for only a little while, and I agreed, so the application went in. This was early in December 1882. Just before Christmas an answer came, brief but

thrilling, a wire. "Report for duty at Mattawa at once!"

Then the excitement began—house had to be re-leased, furniture stored, clothing suitable for the Arctic regions procured, and away went my husband just two days before Christmas, leaving me at my father's until he should see what accommodation he could provide for me. I received a New Year's letter which did not contain the happiest news. He told me that his headquarters were to be at Sturgeon Falls (wherever that was) for a short time only, and that there was absolutely no place for me, intimating gently that women were not considered very desirable on construction. However, he was going to interview Mr. Worthington, the general manager, when he arrived and see what could be done. A few days later another letter came saying he had seen Mr. Worthington, and had been informed that he would soon be moved to the Veuve; which would be the next headquarter's camp, (it was near where Verner is now—but disappeared long ago) and that a house would be put up for us there. Afterwards, when I knew Mr. Worthington I wondered how my doctor had managed to get it done. He did not grant many favours.

To anyone who has never witnessed anything of railway construction through a new country, it would be hard to understand our environment. There was quite a good wagon road as far as Mattawa, as it was an old village grown up about a Hudson Bay Post, which had been there for years, and was at that time in charge of Mr. Colin Rankin, a chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company. Therefore, construction was comparatively easy so far, but west of Mattawa they had to attack the primeval forest as it had stood since it grew up after the glaciers had slid away and given it a chance to establish itself—big timber, fallen trees, tangled underbrush and the old Laurentian rocks. The engineers, with Mr. W. A. Ramsay as their chief, had gone in ahead, locating and running the line for the track. Then a gang of men and horses were sent in to cut out a wagon road, or as it was called "the tote road", in order to take in provisions and equipment for the gangs which would follow more slowly, cutting out the right of way, grading, building trestles (skeleton bridges) and finally laying the tracks in a temporary way. After the tote road was made for five or six miles it was not convenient for the men to return to headquarters every night, so a camp and stable were built of rough logs, about sixteen feet square, the crevices

stuffed with moss for warmth, and banked up outside with sand or snow as the season permitted. Bunks were built on three sides, and a "comboose" in the middle, where the meals were cooked. It was made of logs built up about two feet high, and in the centre there was a kind of crane on which to hang the pots; they could be swung on and off at will. Bread was baked in covered iron pans, or they might be called pots as they were round. These were buried in the sand, and I never ate better bread than this, baked in that way by old Martin, one of the cooks. The loaves turned out were about the size and shape of a peck measure. The roof of the building was made of "scoops" which are fair sized logs sawn in two lengthwise, hewn off smooth on the bark side and hollowed out (scooped out) on the flat side. The roof was covered with these, concave side up; then others were fitted into them convex side up. They did not bother to hew the bark off the latter unless they wanted to make a neat job, which they didn't usually do. This roof made a water shed and drain. I do not know that I have made this very clear but that's the way it was anyway. A large hole was cut in the centre of the roof right over the "comboose" through which the smoke escaped, and provided much needed ventilation, also light, and the fire which I think



A TYPICAL C.P.R. CONSTRUCTION STORE AND OFFICE — THE LATTER BEING
USED AS TELEGRAPH, BOOKKEEPERS AND ENGINEERS OFFICES.
NOTE THE "SCOOP" ROOF

never went out, gave light by night. Some of the camps made a pretence of having windows, others cut a square hole from a log and tacked up a piece of bag over it. When the camp was finished a cook and chore boy appeared on the scene and the gang set up housekeeping. After working along for another five or six miles a similar camp was built, also a blacksmith shop, harness shop, carpenter shop, a bakery and a general store with an office at one end for the telegraph operator, bookkeeper and mail carrier. The mail was brought in on horseback. You could buy almost anything at these stores, from a bottle of perfume or a silk handkerchief to a cooking stove at a good price, and profit to the C.P.R. Co., of course. There was no opposition. We could not travel miles and miles back over the tote road to do our shopping.

Some of the mechanics, who were married, put up a log hut and brought their families in. The company always established a boarding house, where the clerks in the store, telegraph operators, bookkeepers, mail carriers, order taker and timekeepers could get meals, and always a comfortable bedroom for any official who happened along—but a “bunk house” was provided for the others, furnished with bunks around the walls, with

plenty of grey blankets, a big box stove, benches to sit on and a bench for a water pail and wash basin. The place went by the name of the "bummers roost": it seemed a very appropriate name. The navvies, of course, had their own camp. The company stores supplied everything to the navvies both east and west, sending out men on horseback every day to take orders, and filling them the following day by sending out delivery wagons. This gave an opportunity to the women who liked to make a little pin money, as you can imagine what would happen to peas, beans, sugar, tea, rice etc., if sent out in paper bags on the "order wagon", bumping along the "tote road", so the stores supplied factory cotton and paid a cent a piece for bags run up by hand, or machine which few owned.

This was all very temporary, though some of these headquarter camps became quite important and got names, some still exist and have become towns, while two are cities. Of course, my story applies only to the district between Mattawa and Cartier. If you look closely along the track where there is no clearing you can see remains of the little deserted camps still, west of Mattawa.



ILLUSTRATION OF TYPICAL "SCOOPED ROOF"

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I have told you that we had the promise of a house. That was early in January 1883, but my summons did not come until March. Doctor wrote me that at last the house had been finished. It was built of logs right in the woods. I thought how lovely it would be, and had visions of tall trees; the branches waving like our maples and oaks at home, with moss and perhaps pine needles underneath, and the scent of cedar and balsam. Spring was on the way and I should be able to gather wild flowers, and plant sweet peas, morning glories and scarlet runners to climb up the log walls and over the windows—and oh yes! I must be sure and not forget to take the hammock, possibly I might have a little garden. Alas the reality! but I will tell you about that later.

The message I received was, “come, but do not bring any furniture,” so I packed my trunk, and a box with rugs, curtains, bedding *and the hammock*. It was a very different journey to what it is now—you could not go to bed on the train at night and wake up here in the morning; neither could you fly here in a few hours. It was a roundabout journey of about 500 miles. I took the Grand Trunk Air Line, which now belongs to the C.N.R., from my home to Hamilton, then the main line to Toronto, and as far as Brockville, then

the Canada Central to Carleton Place and up to Pembroke. This was quite a journey for me to take alone. People did not travel about in those days as they do now, a trip to Toronto or Detroit was considered quite a jaunt. The only travelling I had done beyond that, was my wedding trip down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, the very popular trip at that time, and of course, I was not alone then.

Part of the journey was by night, and there were no Pullman cars on those trains. I don't believe there were such things at all. The so called first class cars were none too comfortable to spend a night in, doors opening, people getting on and off, people talking and people snoring and children crying. I made myself as comfortable as possible with my overnight handbag for a pillow, and my coat for a blanket. No porter came along saying, "Shall I get you a pillow lady?" A poor woman across the aisle was travelling with three small children, they were tired and uncomfortable, consequently troublesome. Frequent trips had to be made to the water tank for drinks, so the mother brought the tin cup from the tank and tacked it on the window. One small girl was lying just underneath when a jolt of the car tipped the cup over, dousing her in the face and neck; the poor

child bore the accident bravely and tried to go to sleep again, but every little while we would hear a sleepy voice full of misery complain, "It's all wet mama, it's so cold".

My husband met me at Pembroke and the remainder of the journey to Mattawa was made in a flat car with seats, attached to a construction train. It was cold and slow with many stops and I was tired and miserable, only the delight of being reunited kept my spirit up. At last we reached Mattawa. A warm fire and a nice hot supper at Peter O'Farrel's Hotel cheered us up, and a much needed sleep in a comfortable bed prepared us for an early start to Sturgeon Falls the next morning by train. You will notice that in the two months since doctor arrived, the rails had been laid that far. We were called about six o'clock and had just finished breakfast when we were told "the rig" was at the door. "RIG" it was: a flat sleigh with no box or seat. I was perched on a bag of oats with a grey flannel blanket wrapped about my knees (I found later that there were many uses for grey flannel blankets on construction). The horses were fresh, and away we went. "Pitch holes" were numerous and deep, as there had been a great deal of snow, and I had to hang on to the corners of the bag of oats to save myself from tumbling off.

It was an exceptionally cold morning for March, or any month, and as we drove through the crisp whiteness, the sun just peeping over the top of Mattawa's Mountain, the frost on the trees sparkling like diamonds, it was very beautiful, and oh! I had never experienced such cold. Doctor had whiskers and wore a fur coat and cap, and soon looked like Santa Claus. My hair and the fur around my neck were covered with white frost, as were the horses; my breath froze in my nostrils, and my eye lashes stuck together. It seemed terrible, and I thought "Yes, indeed, I must be near the North Pole". Remember, my home was in Norfolk County, near Lake Erie, where if the temperature should drop to ten below, it was something to talk about for weeks. Arriving at the station, I did not see anything of the train, so asked if it was late. "No there it is!" was the answer. It was a long train of flat cars loaded with bundles of hay, bags of oats and flour, barrels of pork and fish, quarters of beef, shovels, pick axes, wheel barrows, dump carts, cars of gravel, ties, lumber, rails, every kind of equipment for construction, and away at the far end, a car just like the one we had come in from Pembroke. The only other passenger on the train was a smart-looking young man whom doctor introduced to me as Mr. John Ferguson. The conductor's name was Judd



NORTH BAY IN 1883

and the engineer was Lee, the fireman was Jim Fallon, I think they all still live in North Bay. The train made many stops, shunting off cars of whatever was required, and dropping provisions at the little camps before mentioned, so we did not reach North Bay until noon. The station was a long low log building with a telegraph office at the east end. The operator was a young lady named Boyd, who was afterwards married to J. C. Worthington, the manager's son. He died, and she is now Mrs. (Dr.) Haentschel. The waiting room was in the centre and the dining room at the west end. I don't remember whether D. J. McKeown was there then or not, but he was the first station agent. The railway dump was high in front of the station, and there being no platform, we had to sort of slide in the sand down to the door. We had dinner leisurely, no one seemed to be in a hurry, so when the conductor and my husband had finished their chat and smoke a signal was given; the driver climbed into his engine, tooted the whistle, and we scrambled up the grade again and all aboard for the last stage of my long journey.

We arrived at Sturgeon Falls towards evening. The village had just awakened a short time before Dr. Howey arrived by the noise and rumpus of the coming railway. I say

awakened because there had been a small settlement for some time. There was a small steamer named the Inter Ocean, built at Nipissing on the south side of the lake in 1880, which made trips to the north shore carrying hunters, trappers and fishermen, who came up by way of the French River. James Holditch had opened a store there and traded with the Indians, there being no white settlers in the vicinity. There was also a Hudson Bay Post near the mouth of the river, about two miles from the village. It was in charge of a man by the name of McLeod. There was some lumbering too, so that by the time the railway reached there it had become quite a little village, in a primitive way; something more at least than a C.P.R. headquarters camp, as there were quite a few people independent of the railway, and still more came in with the road. Robert Lillie opened a hardware store and "Johnny" Campbell started a general store under the firm name of "Campbell & Timmins." Scott built and ran the "Scott House" and Mrs. McCrath the "McGrath House", and Mrs. Kilby did dressmaking. Rinaldo McConnell lived across the Bay. He was interested in prospecting for mines and became quite prominent in the mining circle. The C.P.R. had its own store, under the management of Bob Conway, and of course

its own boarding house. The scenery about Sturgeon was beautiful. The Bay almost circular, hollowed out by the rush of the river over the falls, hurrying on its way to Lake Nipissing, and thence by various routes to the Atlantic Ocean, as had been going on for centuries. The shore was fringed with evergreens, drooping under the weight of frozen mist from the falls. A little Anglican Church with a tower and actually a bell, standing on a promontory overlooking the bay, would have made ideal copy for a Christmas card. Modern improvements and pulp works have disfigured the landscape now—such a pity that advancement, though desirable I suppose, it often tramples down things.

It turned out that our house at "The Veuve" was not yet ready for occupation, and we did not get away from Sturgeon for three weeks. Dr. Howey, being an official of the company, was entitled to a room in the company's boarding house, and as I was a kind of co-official I was allowed to share it. The accommodation was not all that could be desired. You entered the house through a narrow dark hall, a door at the right opened into a lounging room for men, a door opposite into a bedroom. There were three beds, "the boss" and his wife, two children, and two maids occupied the room. Behind the

lounge and also opening off the hall was a small bedroom which we were considered very fortunate to secure. The partitions were of thin green lumber, and the boards had shrunk so as to leave embarrassing cracks between our bedroom and the men's lounge. The conversations there, which we could not help hearing, were not edifying, nor the language choice. The dining room and a small kitchen were at the back. The room was cold. The fire was not kept up in either the lounge or the dining room between meals; so the only place for me to sit was in the little kitchen, which was very much crowded with a large cooking stove, a huge wood box, a barrel of flour, and a table and cupboard, also one Windsor chair. The day after I arrived, I was sitting there when my husband came in; cold after a drive "up the line" and tipping me out of the chair, sat down himself and pulled me down on his knee. One of the neighbour women came, and looking into the kitchen saw us—she dodged back into the dining room where one of the maids was laying the table for dinner and asked, "Who's that girl Dr. Howey is spooning with?" "I never saw him fooling with a girl before!" "His wife—you don't say; my ain't she young!" We had beef, pork and beans, potatoes, bread and butter, stewed cranberries and evaporated apple sauce. However, I might

have relished the meals more if I had not been in the kitchen so much. Now and then we had hot buns for tea, and thereby hangs a tale, a tale of a cat. The flour barrel stood in a corner near the cooking stove and it was covered by the pastry board. This arrangement made a nice warm place for the cat to nap, without fear of being trodden on in the crowded kitchen. One evening, when the hot buns were served, one of the boys, in the maid's absence, lit a match and pretended to singe the cat hairs off the buns, but I knew for a fact that the pastry board was always dusted off with the cook's apron before it was used.

Sometimes we were treated to a bit of rough house. The construction being under the Public Works Act, no liquor was allowed to be brought in, but some men always manage to get it somehow and so they did there, and often became quarrelsome, sometimes making the lounge their fighting arena. When I happened to be alone at night in our little room I was terrified for fear they might fall through the loose wooden partition. I had never had experience with drunken men before. One day the landlord himself came in rather under the influence of liquor. Finding no vacant chair he sat down on the floor near the woodbox, and getting drowsy he slumped down on the floor and went to sleep, much to

the disgust of his wife, not only that he was drunk but the kitchen floor space was limited. By and by, the chore boy came in with a big armful of wood, but could not get near the woodbox; the wife said, "Kick him out of the way Jim, I'll give you ten dollars if you take him out and throw him over the falls". Of course she was not in earnest though she did feel that way. However, on the whole I put in the time quite pleasantly while there, and the unpleasant happenings were just part of the adventure.

We had a good horse and a "cariole", one of those low sleighs all made of wood and even the runners; always painted red, also nice comfortable robes, so I often went with my husband on his trips to the camps up and down the line. The sleighing was good despite the pitch holes which did give us many a bump, and one time when they came too often I got sea-sick, much to the amusement of my doctor. It was wonderful driving along the narrow road, with snow banks like walls on either side; and the immense pine trees whose branches met overhead in places, sometimes laden with snow which fluffed lightly down over us as we passed under. Even if the sun were shining, there was a sort of gloom in the forest; so still and awesome one might almost expect to see a woodland

sprite peering from behind a tree trunk, or a beautiful nymph appear to question our presence there, and our right to disturb the quiet of her domain by the tinkling of our sleigh bells. Now and then we would surprise a deer which would bound gracefully away, or a sly fox stealing across the road. This was exciting and something to write home about. The pretty white rabbits were numerous, and we would see partridges huddled down in the snow under evergreen shrubs. It was necessary for us to keep our ears open for the sound of approaching teams, as also for the driver we were meeting. We could hear him speak to his horses, the sound of harness, and his shout of warning; then whoever came first to a place to turn out, would stop and give the word to the unseen teamster to come ahead.

The navvies amused me greatly. Dr. Girdwood's agreement was that every man should have 25 cents deducted from his monthly pay cheque, which would entitle him to whatever medical treatment he should need. Now every man was determined to get the worth of his 25 cents, whether he needed it or not, and as much more as possible. As soon as a working gang saw the doctor's rig coming, down went axe, pick and shovel and all made a bee line for the doctor; their needs were numerous and urgent. Belladonna plasters

were most popular; they were always in demand for sore back, sore side, or sore chest. They stuck them on like undervests. The plasters were grateful and comforting in cold weather. Aside from the medical side of the doctor's visit, it was a diversion from the monotony of the day's labour. He always chatted and joked with them while handing out the medicine and they thought he was great.

One evening we were coming home late from a trip up the line when we saw a man sitting on a log beside the road waiting our return. An axe had glanced and given him a bad cut on his back. We went in to the camp. There was no light except from the comboose fire, so it was a problem how to examine and dress the wound. It had been, and was bleeding freely and the man was getting very weak from loss of blood, so there must be no delay. A good pile of birch bark was procured, and pieces of it burned for the doctor to see by. In an effort to stay the flow of blood they had piled on flour, which being saturated with blood was removed with difficulty, and revealed an ugly wound and severed artery. The latter had to be tied which was very difficult, especially as the bark provided a very flickering light, and several times, when the doctor had succeeded in picking up the artery ready to tie, the man hold-

ing the bark was obliged to drop it to save his fingers from being burnt. At last it was done and bandaged up, and a few days later, when the doctor made an examination, he found it healing nicely. Not much like a hospital operation with sterilization, disinfectants, anaesthetics, nurses in attendance etc. Another bright moonlight night we were flying along the white road, when our horse, in a hurry to reach his warm stable and his oats, suddenly shied, and a man stepped out from the shadow of the trees, and signalled us to stop. He wanted a tooth pulled. Doctor got out and hunted out his forceps. No use going into the camp for the operation, the moon and the snow were lighter than a com-booze fire, so he made the man sit down on the side of the cutter and put his head back on the seat and out came the tooth. The man got up, said, 'Gosh!'—and went back to camp.

Once we were delayed so that we could not get back to Sturgeon at night. We stopped at one of the better sort of camps, where a man by the name of Ransom and his wife were in charge. He was a "walking boss" and his wife was a nice little woman. There was just one room, and a small kitchen at the back. There were two beds in the big room, one in each corner at the back, curtained round with grey blankets for privacy. We were given

one of them; the father, mother and two children occupied the other. Two or three men rolled themselves up in grey blankets and lay down on the floor beside the big box stove, with their "turkeys", as their pack sacks were called, for pillows. They got up now and then to replenish the fire. They could not have been very comfortable, for the floor was made of small trees, split and laid down flat side up; but all slept well and when we wakened in the morning we found our bed covered with a lovely thick eiderdown of snow, which had drifted in through the crevices between the logs.

Driving home that morning we met Mr. Worthington, and his retinue coming in on a tour of inspection. He stopped and inspected us too. It was my first meeting with him. I did not like him nor the way he spoke to us, he looked cross and he blustered. While we were talking, he noticed some of the navvies leaning on their shovels and watching us, he shouted to them, "Hey there, get to work you (blank, blank) rascals! are you paid to gape at me? All you fellows think about is pork and sundown". I put him down as a cross old man. This then, was the man from whom my young husband had been obliged to ask the favour of bringing his wife up to such surroundings, and to provide a place for

her. He was very tempermental and would fly off at a tangent at the least provocation. A billious subject, he sometimes had dreadful attacks, when he always thought he was going to die, and gave the doctor and Mr. Hae-wood, his secretary, the mischief because he was sick. Aside from being all-powerful as general manager of construction, Mr. Worthington was a Justice of the Peace, so you see he was a man to be feared and treated with great respect; for as manager he had the authority to "fire" a man from his job at a moments notice, a serious matter so far from civilization; or as magistrate "send him down" if he were caught bootlegging, or for other offences.

The engineers' headquarters were at Sturgeon for a while, and Mr. Whitnal, an elderly man, had charge of the office. He had been city engineer in Havana, Cuba, before it was lost to the British in '78. His family consisted of his wife, three sons and a daughter. They lived in a house across the bay and the office was in the same building. Mrs. Whitnal and Lily her daughter came to see me and we became fast friends. I saw them nearly every day, though to reach their house I had to walk an open trestle over the falls. They had been society people in Havana, and Lily had danced with Prince Albert, then Prince

of Wales, and later King Edward VII; and Prince Arthur, now the Duke of Connaught, when they were on tour of British possessions. They were entertained by the City and they entertained on their ship, which was in the harbour at Havana. Before I left, Mr. Ramsay, the chief engineer, brought his wife from Montreal. They were secretly married, and she had come with him as far as possible to say good-bye before he plunged into the wilderness for another six months. Mr. Duchesnay, the chief's assistant, was with them, so we were quite a nice little party for a very short time. The Whitnals were very English, and never failed to have their afternoon tea. Orange marmalade was just being introduced, and they served it as a great delicacy. I wondered if they really liked the bitter stuff, but I ate my portion, rather than appear unsophisticated.

Doctor received a call to go to Dokeese Point, a few miles west of Sturgeon, on Lake Nipissing, to see an Indian by the same name who was very ill. I went with him because I wanted to see an Indian and his home. I was surprised to find him living in a comfortable frame house, with a wife and two nice little girls. The wife was clean and tidy (so was the house), and the little girls in cotton dresses which almost touched the

floor, one pink and one yellow, their stiff black hair braided in two pig tails tied with string. The patient was a big, fine looking man—altogether I was somewhat disappointed—they were too civilized. The man had pneumonia: doctor gave him medicine and directions for treatment. He recovered, and just the other day I saw a notice in the *Sudbury Star* that the poor old man had been run down and killed by a motor car.

After three weeks at Sturgeon we received word that our house at the Veuve was ready for occupation. We hastened to load on a sleigh "our furniture" which we had bought at the company's store. It consisted of a wooden bedstead, six windsor chairs, and some good strong white delft dishes packed in a wash tub. These with the boxes I had brought from home made quite an imposing load which was sent on ahead. We started later in our cariole, for home. Doctor had been up a few days before, and installed a small box stove and a cooking stove which he had bought at the Company's store, with the accompanying necessary cooking utensils.

The Veuve was so called because of it's location on the banks of a little river of that name. As "veuve" is french for widow, it seemed there must have been some story connected with the name, but I could

never find it. It was about a mile and a half west of where the village of Warren is now, but there is no sign of it ever having existed. It was the usual headquarters' construction camp, with the addition this time, of a doctor's residence. Our house was built of green logs cut on the spot, left rough on the outside but hewn on the inside, so that the walls were comparatively even. The crevices were stuffed with moss, sort of lichen, which was plentiful on the trees. The roof was of scoops which I described before. As the ground was frozen and no earth available, it was banked up to the window sills with snow for warmth. In the front was a door and one small window, there was a back door of course. All around were the stumps and the tops of trees which had been cut for the building, and piles and piles of chips, the most and biggest one could imagine, chips to burn anyway. Closely surrounding was the impenetrable tangle of the forest. "Yes, it was true" our house was built "right in the woods", but at the sight of it my visions of flowers and a garden took instant flight, and I decided I would not need to unpack the hammock.

It was quite late when we arrived. The furniture had come and was piled outside. Doctor had the key and we climbed over the

debris and went in. There were four rooms—living room, bedroom, kitchen and office. There were no doors, in fact we never got them, so before we went to bed doctor got some grey blankets from the store and we used them for portiers. It was fortunate that he had previously set up the stoves, for it was late and we were cold; some gummy chips soon helped that. The carpenter had very thoughtfully made a couple of tables, and put up shelves in the kitchen and the office. The furniture was brought in and the bedstead set up, the big box opened and the bed made up, rugs thrown down, the dishes put on the shelves, and we were settled—curtains would wait until to-morrow. Next thing must be supper, but we had nothing at all to eat, so another trip to the Company's store, which fortunately was only about fifty feet from our house. A pail of water from a barrel at the store, and the kettle was soon boiling and supper ready; but it was getting dark and we had never thought of lamps: so away again to the company's store; for lamps and coal oil. It seemed rather gloomy during the evening. Our log walls were hard to light up with the small coal oil lamps. The logs were of green timber, and when the fire warmed them up the moisture oozed out and began to drip and run in little rivulets down the walls. However, we were tired and went

to bed early, and while we were sleeping Jack Frost made use of the dampness to cover our dingy walls with the most beautiful fern-like tapestry, in the purest of white. This happened every night for some weeks, and would have been fine but there is a fly in every ointment, and of course, as soon as the fires were lighted it dripped over everything. As our home was built in the winter, the snow was just cleared away and the floor laid on the frozen ground; so in the Spring, when the frost came out our floor began to settle down, until there was a space of several inches all around between the lowest logs and the floor. This was convenient for frogs and toads, etc., to take shelter when they desired it. Another trouble with the floor was that trees had been cut to clear a space for the house, and the stumps had not been removed; but just leveled down, so when the floor settled down they stayed up—I leave the result to your imagination.

Soon the spring rains began, and one night there was a terrific thunderstorm. We awakened to find the rain coming down on our bed, apparently it had found a knot hole in our scoops. The room was too small to move the bed away from the drip, so we got our waterproofs and umbrellas, and so managed to keep fairly dry. The road (there was only

one) which had been so good all winter, with the many working teams to keep it broken, was now very dreadful, made through swamps, over rocks and small creeks. Doctor had to make his trips on horseback, and he would come home wet and covered with mud to the hips, so you can imagine what his flannels were like. I had been doing our small washings, but did not feel equal to them. My only neighbours were the people in the company's boarding house: they were more than kind to me; I have always remembered them gratefully. To them I went with my problem. They told me of two or three women who might help me out and showed me where they lived. Away I went through the mud to the nearest. I could see through the window, a fat, comfortable looking woman sitting with folded hands, rocking peacefully and watching a group of small children playing outside. When I knocked, she called, "come in!" which I did, followed by the children full of curiosity. I told her my errand and she said she would be glad to help me, but was hardly able to do her own work, which seemed evident. So I departed for the next house still escorted by the children, though they soon left me as we could not converse. They speaking french only, of which I knew very little. Next place I was received very politely, and by a mixture of both lan-

guages she managed to understand. "Oh, yes madame, you are monsieur le docteur's wife!" "You wish me pour laver?" "Oh yes! when come Madame?" "Today?" "Oh no! I could not come today." "To-morrow then?" "No I don't think I come to-morrow—no madame I cannot come my husband he work on the C.P.R., he not want me to work." So then, a small house away back in the bush was my last chance, and I plodded along a narrow muddy path to the premises. A tap brought a rather pretty woman to the door, she looked at me in surprise but asked me to come in. However, when I made known my errand her black eyes snapped fire.—"No Madame, I do not work!" my husband he work on the C.P.R., "why should I work for you?" I made an ignominious retreat and wended my way back home, fixed up the fire in my little stove, heated water and poured it into my wash tub with plenty of soap, it steamed in good style, so I put the flannels in and went at them. The water was too hot, so I stirred them around with a stick for a little while; I tried to rub them on the board but they seemed such a terrible weight, I punched, pulled and squeezed them. The hot steam came up into my face and made me hot and faint, but I kept at them until I thought they must be cleaned; but felt so queer, sort of sticky and stiff, and they looked

so small; but I thought I could pull them into shape when they got dry. The doctor bought new flannels.

My husband was usually out most of the day, either East or West along the line visiting the working gangs; the evenings were spent putting up medicine for the next day's trip etc., rolling and wrapping plasters ready to hand out, and rolling bandages.

The season opened early that spring. There had been a great deal of snow, and the Veuve, a modest little stream normally, began to assert itself, and you wouldn't believe how that innocent little stream could act up. It flooded almost to our doorsteps, rushing along carrying stumps and trees, even log camps. One of them came sailing along with a cooking stove still in it, apparently it would be ready for use when it reached its destination. The water soon settled down into its narrow bed again and spring had come. As soon as the ice had all gone out, and as the road was very bad, much of the stuff was brought up by boat in long "red pointers", rowed by French Canadian boatmen. It was lovely towards evening, when the sun was shining through the tall tree trunks which bordered the river, to hear them coming, singing their native boat songs. One bright morning in May, I was alone, and awakened

early. Soon I became aware of a peculiar sound, a sort of musical murmur. I could not decide what it was, so finally my curiosity got the better of my laziness and I got up to find out. As I opened the door, the warm spring air, laden with the perfume of the pines met me, the dew sparkled on the fresh young foliage, green things were springing up in the forest, and the birds were simply mad with song. As I walked down the path toward the river, whence the sound seemed to come, I felt like singing myself, and was more light-hearted than I had been since leaving my old home. As I turned a bend in the path a beautiful sight met my eyes. An altar had been set up beneath the tall pines near the river, the trunks the pillars, and the leafy tops the vaulted roof of this nature's cathedral; and around a white robed priest, hundreds of those rough navvies devoutly knelt to receive his blessing. He had arrived to celebrate the Easter Mass, and these men had come for miles, from both east and west to perform their Easter devotions, and it was the solemn murmur of their united voices which I had heard. It was a beautiful and impressive sight. It really was not Easter, as it came that year on the 21st of March, but the Father had been unavoidably delayed in reaching this distant mission.

The Company's store stood about fifty feet to the right of our cabin, both facing the river; and the company's boarding house stood some distance to the left; the "bummer's roost" in the background; this formed the principal street. There were other buildings occupied by navvies tucked back around somewhere but they were not of any importance. There was not very much amusement for anybody, but I was amused watching the employees at the store amuse themselves. They were kept pretty busy during the mornings until the order wagon got away—then they had more leisure, after the debris left from packing and loading the wagon was cleared away. There was not much to do until evening, when the wagon came back with orders for the next day. Local customers being scarce, as you can imagine they would be; they had wrestling matches, sprinting matches, jumping matches, playing quoits with horseshoes, football with a turnip, and baseball with potatoes and a barrel stave. It took a good many potatoes to finish a game. On chap, Archie Goddale (I wonder if he is still alive and may see this) would manage someway, now and then, to get enough strong liquor to feel the effect, and though he was very pleasant when sober, it always made him quarrelsome, and if he couldn't find anyone to quarrel with, he would go around with

his head down, mumbling to himself that he would dance on somebody's neck. But there was nothing of all this, if word came through that some of the officials were on the way, and by some means it always seemed to come through; then there was a scattering to get things in "ship shape" before their arrival. Mr. Worthington came often, and although he was tempermental, they were used to him, and you know what familiarity breeds if you ever wrote in a copy book. But when Mr. William Cornelius VanHorne (afterwards Sir William) was reported, it spread consternation throughout the whole camp. You will remember he undertook the contract for the whole gigantic job, and was the dynamo which put it through, and in much less time than the agreement called for. He was born in Chelsea, Illinois, U.S.A. The boys considered it fortunate that his visits were brief and rare. There was a rumour that Mr. Stephen, President of the C.P.R., was coming but it was a false report, much to the relief of our citizens, every single one of whom was responsible, in some way, for the smooth running of construction work.

For the encouragement of some ambitious boy who might read this, I will tell him that Mr. George Stephens was a Scottish lad, son of a carpenter, in Dufftown, Banffshire, Scot-

land (probably that is how Banff got its name) and was a herd laddie for a while there, and then went to Aberdeen to learn the drapery business; but was afterwards persuaded by his cousin Donald Alexander Smith, to come to Canada, where by dint of honest industry he made good and became very wealthy. For his services, financially and otherwise in the cause of the C.P.R., he was knighted, and later was honoured with a peerage and chose as his title, Lord Mount Stephen, after a high mountain in the Rockies, which had been named Mount Stephen, as a compliment to him. His cousin Donald Smith was equally successful, leaving his birthplace, Torres in Moreyshire, with all his worldly possessions in a carpet bag. He came to the new world and went to Labrador in the Service of the Hudson Bay Company; enduring many hardships, travelling many miles to the various trading posts in cold and blinding snow storms to secure the rich furs from the Indians. But his hardy Scottish determination, and faithful service produced one promotion after another, until he became head of that famous company and acquired great wealth, much of which he devoted to forwarding the construction of the C.P.R. He also received a knighthood, and later a peerage and became Lord Strathcona. He, it was who drove the last spike at Craiglachie in the

Eagle Pass; when from the East and from the West the rails met on November 7th, 1885, thus making it really possible to travel right around the world. It was a very important event in Canadian history and good Queen Victoria sent a message of congratulation. The road was finished, but at the cost of untold money, labour and sacrificing of human life. Men had died from explosions of dynamite, falling rocks, drowning, falls and innumerable other causes. The Rockies which were considered impregnable, were conquered. But there was much to be done yet, and it was not until May 28th, 1888 that the first through train reached Vancouver.

I have wandered far from my pioneering story, but I think it well to remember these events which are so seldom spoken of nowadays.

So to go back to my knitting, I find I am still at the Veuve, and it is still May, 1883. The month wore on, and one day there seemed to be an unusual flutter of excitement among the population, of course I was curious and went out to see what caused it. I met a little boy and asked him what was going on, he said, "the railroad is coming". A cluster of people were standing by the unfinished track and in answer to my question said, the engine was in sight, and sure enough away

down the road I could see a puff of smoke. It was catching up with we forerunners, and in a couple of days the ties were laid and the rails placed, and the engine steamed proudly past us, tooting a salute while we cheered and waved hats, handkerchiefs, aprons or whatever was just then available. The iron had overtaken and passed us, that meant that we too should soon move on, we must keep ahead of "the iron", but we did not go until the iron reached Markstay.

Towards the end of June we heard that there were plenty of wild strawberries up the line. This meant West, down the line always meant East. "We", I mean the McCormick girls, Molly, Susie and Nellie, who had been my neighbours for some time, proposed that we go up with the working engine and stop off at the strawberry patch and the driver would pick us up again when he returned. So it was arranged, and as the engine came along Susie, Nellie and I stood waiting with pails and men's straw hats, which we had commandeered from the Company's store. All went well, the berries were plentiful, large and ripe but as we disturbed the leaves, quantities of little gnats flew up and annoyed me by getting into my nose, eyes and ears. No amount of blowing at them or brushing them away would help. Presently I complained

that those little gnats were a nuisance. "Yes," said Susie, "they are black flies." That did not impress me, I did not care whether they were black or white, if they would leave me alone—but next morning I knew what black flies meant. My face and eyes were swollen so that my mother wouldn't have known me, and I suffered torments. Our pails were full, and the sun was low in the west when the engine picked us up again. Everything seemed alright until we got underway, when we began to notice that we were going at a terrific rate, the engine bounded and leaped over the unballasted road and uneven rails, like a wild thing. It was apparent that our driver had met with a bootlegger. The fireman endeavoured to take the lines but, no, he guessed he could handle his own machine. We were in terror, until a fortunate attack of sickness necessitated his retirement to the tender, to our relief. We felt we had escaped what might have been a serious disaster.

Our next move would be to Sudbury, where the Company had built another house for us. The end of the iron had reached Markstay, before our order came to move on. The "end of the iron" did not mean that the road was completed that far, but that it had reached the stage when the ties could be placed on the dump, and the rails spiked to them so that with care, an engine with the



TOTE ROAD ALONG LAKE INTO SUDBURY

working train could pass safely over. We were to go to the end of the iron by this working train, and the rest of the way with our horse and buckboard. Finally the order came for us to move on, so we again packed our trunks and loaded them with our boxes bedstead, six chairs, the tub full of dishes, and the two stoves on to a flat car. I climbed up and established myself on a bale of hay, with two more bales standing upright to complete quite a comfortable seat. There were several other passengers: I was the only woman. It was rather jolty but quite a pleasant mode of travelling, if it had not been that some of the freight consisted of barrels of coal oil, syrup etc., which had been lying on their sides. These were supposed to be braced, but one escaped its confines and rolled about, and one never could tell which way it was going to roll.

Doctor had gone on ahead and was waiting for me when the train arrived at Markstay. There were only a few log cabins there, where navvies could eat and some of them sleep. A man with a team was waiting to take our goods to Sudbury, so they were loaded on his lumber wagon and we drove gaily along the tote road in our buckboard, after a stay of three months at the Veuve, while the road was being built from Sturgeon Falls to

Markstay. The tote road followed the right of way up hill and down dale. We joggled along over long stretches of corduroy, bounced and bumped over stones and roots, getting pretty tired and hot; so when we reached Romford, another little stopping place, where a young man by the name of Stephen Fournier was in charge of a small company store; we were glad to accept his invitation to come in and rest a while. He told us that there were plenty of wild strawberries nearby and gave me a man's straw hat to wear while I went out to pick some. They were so plentiful and big and sweet, that I did not stop eating them, but made use of the straw hat to take some with me, and mind you, I took precaution against those "troublesome little gnats" this time. At last we sighted Ramsay Lake and Doctor said we were very near Sudbury. That was good news, for the gaiety which we started out with had all evaporated; and I felt shaken and bruised: a wreck, when just at sunset July 1st, 1883, our tired horse crossed a shaky little bridge, over the creek where Memorial Park is now, and climbed the hill between the Anglican Rectory and St. Andrew's Church. Then I had my first sight of Sudbury. It was just three months old then, so now people who have asked me about it may know how and when and why I came to Sudbury fifty years

ago. The town had been located and named by Mr. Worthington. He chose the name as a compliment to his wife: it was the name of her birthplace in England. The lake was first called Lost Lake by the engineers, because they located a trial line first, which skirted the lake but on returning they lost the trail and followed behind the hills, very much puzzled as to where the lake was which they had located on their way West. But Mr. Worthington changed it to Ramsay Lake in honour of the chief engineer who lost it.



SUDBURY

I have been telling, how and why I came to Sudbury over fifty years ago; and all my troubles and pleasures along the way: now I shall endeavour to tell what it was like; and what we did after our arrival. The tote road at that time came in to Sudbury across the flat where Memorial Park is now. Of course, there were no churches or anything else there then, and the town began with a boarding house kept by Henry Smith. It stood about where the telephone building stands now. We had supper there, I remember it well, fried salt pork, potatoes, bread, strong butter and evaporated applesauce. After supper we started out to find the house that had been built for us, and to see the town. Doctor had made several trips up on horseback, the first time was on the 17th of March, 1883. There was nothing here then except a small camp and stable, built for the men and horses of an advance gang which was to be sent in to cut out the right of way for the railroad. It was situated in a clearance of about half an acre of ground where 158 Elm St. E., is. Mr. Worthington chose the site for it.



SUDURY IN 1883

From the Smith's house the road, or path, continued across to the Company's store, which stood exactly where our post office building is now. We found that "Bob" Burns had been transferred from the store at the Veuve to take charge here. From there the road curved to the left and was passable for teams as far as the right of way (Elm St. Crossing). We had passed another house under construction, and were told it was to be the company's boarding house, and that Mr. McCormick was coming from the Veuve to take charge of it. I was very glad to know that. We went in to take a look at the interior. There were no doors or windows, nothing but a carpenter's bench and the floor was knee deep with shavings. The doors and the windows were coming from Markstay by team. The house of course was of hewn logs. That was the nucleus of the Balmoral Hotel and Mr. McCormick was the genial host for many years and through many changes. After crossing the right of way which was cut out, (but there was no sign of construction work going on as yet) we followed the foot path up the hill, (Elm St.) between stumps and blueberry bushes to where it ended in front of our house, which stood on the brow of the hill facing downtown, exactly in the middle of where Elm St. is now, about where the Cop-

per Cliff road turns off. Later on James Morris, P.L.S., who laid out the town (he is now employed by the Government and was recently one of the first three to receive the honorary title of Doctor of Engineering, he was a Pembroke boy) came and drove a tack on my doorstep. I asked what he did that for, and he said the street will go right through your house, and sure enough it did.

We found the house quite nice, built of hewn logs this time, and the spaces between were filled with strips of wood set in plaster. It had not such a shaggy look as our former house had, with the crevices being filled with moss, and the scoop roof proved waterproof this time. There were four rooms; kitchen, living room and two bedrooms. I wondered at the extravagance of two bedrooms, but found later that there was method in such madness, as Dr. Girdwood always came to stay with us when making his trips up and down the line, and sometimes Mrs. Girdwood came with him, or he would bring a friend. Later when the road had passed here, and other doctors were sent farther west, they always came to us when passing back and forth. We went back to Smith's for the night. In the morning I was looking out of the window and remarked to one of the girls that it looked like rain and she said, "Oh yes, it



DRS. HOWEY AND MCMURPHY AND TWIN MOOSE IN OUR BACK YARD,
WHERE I EXPECTED TO HANG THE HAMMOCK.

always rains or snows or blows or does something or other in Sudbury." A gloomy prospect, but it did not rain, and after breakfast we went again up to Pill Hill, as our place was dubbed as long we lived there. As at the Veuve, the house was surrounded with the rubbish of building, stumps of tree tops and chips; and the tangled forest right up to our back door: still no place for my hammock.

The wagon with our goods had arrived, and we found everything tumbled down among the debris. Most of the furniture had suffered cruelly coming over the stony and corduroy road. The cooking stove and bedstead were broken, and there was only one chair left whole of the six. However the blacksmith was able to fix the stove, and the carpenter patched up the bedstead and made some benches. The tub full of dishes came through intact.

Doctor got to work and made a bedstead for the second room. It was a good one too, and when Dr. Girdwood came he made some rustic chairs which proved more comfortable than the benches. There was never a lack of tools to work with, for us and everybody else. Everything belonged to the C.P.R., and if we wanted an axe, or saw, or hammer we just went out and prowled around until

we found one; and took it and kept it until we forgot and left it out of doors, when it was pretty sure to be appropriated by some other party.

The bush between us and the little patch of houses had been slashed down, so we had quite a view of the town from our elevated position. We could see the Balmoral, and Dan Dunn's boarding house and the company's store, some tents and a few log huts, and all around was heavy timber, so dense that for a long time I did not know we were surrounded by high hills.

The Company had built a hospital for men who might be injured or ill. It stood near our house, about where the Registry Office is now, and was almost finished when we came, completion was delayed waiting for doors and windows. It was of rough logs and was about 30 ft., by 40 ft. There was one large room with bunks on three sides. As you entered a small passage, the doctor's office was on the right and the kitchen on the left. Each bunk was fitted with a mattress, a pillow and grey blankets. There was a large box stove, a table and benches. The doctor's office and the kitchen were fitted with shelves. A man by the name of Jules Collin, who had been cook in a lumber camp was sent to do the cooking and laundry work, and

act as nurse for the patients. He was allowed a "cookee" so a man by the name of Bolduc was engaged to fill that position. He did all the chores, cutting wood from the bush for fires, and bringing the water. We used it both in the hospital and our house, in a barrel on a wheel barrow; such good, clear, cold water from a spring which bubbled up out of the sand where the Athletic Park is now. I wonder what became of that spring. It supplied the whole town with water for many years. A man by the name of Perras was the waterman, he brought it around in barrels, and filled the family water barrels; carrying it in pails, and splashing the floors a good deal in the operation. It was the only water we had to use for all purposes. It cost twenty-five cents per barrel. I wonder how we managed, there was no ice. In addition to the chores at the hospital, Bolduc did the marketing, as I was commissariate, he came to me every morning to make up the order for the store. I would say, "Well Bolduc! what is wanted this morning?" One morning when I asked him, he spread out his hands and said, "oh everything at all madam."

The bunks in the hospital were not very comfortable for the patients, and we had very few conveniences; but cook was kind hearted and willing, and we all did the best we could

for the poor fellows. I think it was marvelous that we only had one death during the three years we were in charge. Some pneumonia cases were very serious. There was no provision for sanitation, ventilation or any other of the many "ations" provided nowadays, and considered indispensable. I do think my boy doctor performed miracles under the conditions. Many duties fell upon me, although I was not on the payroll.

Doctor was away so much, his route then was from Markstay to Pogamasing on the main line, and as far as the Vermillion River on the Algoma Branch; where men were working cutting out the right of way, so I became a sort of general manager. The place had to be inspected ever so often, and I had to see that the patients got their doses of medicine at the proper time, and keep tab on their temperatures. There was always a supply of simple medicines put up for me to dispense in his absence, if necessary; and as there was no doctor within ninety miles of us I was obliged to administer anaesthetics, and help with minor operations such as amputating frozen toes or mutilated fingers. Of course, another doctor was summoned from Mattawa for a major operation. All this was in addition to my housekeeping, which was not much of a problem at first, but later when construction

Summit, 1886



was going on farther west, and more doctors were sent on ahead, they always stayed with us when coming and going. I liked to have them, but of course, there was more to do, especially in the cooking line, and they certainly appeared to appreciate my cooking after the fare they had along the line. Doctors who were employed were, Landor, Ward, Henry, Arthur, McClure, Struthers, Ferguson, Thompson and Howey. They were not all employed at the same time of course. Once I had the honour of entertaining Dr. Selwyn, who was chief of the Federal Government's Geological Survey. He and Dr. Ruttan (later professor at McGill) and Mr. Barlow came up with Dr. Girdwood to see if the rocks in this vicinity contained anything more valuable than just rock. They rambled around among the hills every day, with small canvas bags slung over their shoulders, with little hammer handles sticking out of them; returning with samples of rock which they tested for mineral or whatever they might find, but without much result. Little they dreamed of the wealth hidden in our rocks. They were keeping their secret for a while longer. Dr. Howey embraced the opportunity to show them some bits of rock, which he had picked up thinking they looked interesting. They tapped them with their little hammers, examined them with magnifying

glasses and tested them with acids. The verdict was: "Faint traces of copper—not sufficient to be of any value." There was no higher authority in the land than these learned men, so that settled it, and I was glad to throw the stones away; they had cluttered up my window sill long enough. Those samples came from one of our largest mines—just think what a narrow escape we had from being millionaires.

I told you that the water was brought from the spring in the gravel pit, for general use; but there was also a nice little spring back in the bush some distance behind the hospital. I don't think there is any trace of it now. It seems strange those springs should disappear. At any rate there was one there then, and when I wanted fresh cool water I took my pail and went there. It was hidden by overhanging boughs, so I could not see it until I was very near. This time as I came along the little path, I heard a slight rustle and saw the bushes sway a little. Peering through the shrubbery I saw a bear just about to take a drink. I dropped my pail and ran, and I could hear the bear crashing through the brush in the opposite direction. I don't know which of us got home first but I know I made good time.

The first man to be brought into our hospital had been crushed by falling rock in the cut just east of here. He had died on the way. His name was Pat Nolan. It was just after we arrived, and the hospital was not quite finished, the doors and windows had arrived with those ordered for the boarding house; but had not as yet been put in place. The body was brought in and laid on a working bench until the company's carpenter provided a board coffin. He was the first person to be buried in the Eyre Cemetery, which was not a cemetery at all then; but just a small spot cleared for the grave, but no loved one ever had a more beautiful wreath than the one I laid on his rough board coffin, made of water lilies, large and sweet—no blemish from sulphur fumes then. A lonely grave it was, among blackened stumps and low underbrush. Fortunately a missionary priest was visiting some of the camps around, so his services were procured for the last rites. A board was placed at the head of the grave with his name painted on it. No one knew anything more about him. I often think of that grave when visiting the cemetery, I suppose I am the only one who knows it was ever there.

We were pretty busy that summer, Doctor with office patients, and his trips east,

west and south along the lines, and I looking after things in general. Gangs were at work on the Algoma branch: (we call it the Soo line now) construction was started at both ends, here and at Algoma Mills. They expected to meet and link up somewhere about the Vermillion Crossing, so that was the limit of Dr. Howey's route. "The Branch" was originally intended to link up transportation by a water route, and so prevent delay, until the difficult portion of the road around the north shore of Lake Superior would be completed. However, it was never used for that purpose, as when it was almost completed, orders came to discontinue the work; as the C.P.R. had secured running rights over the Toronto Gray and Bruce. Their boats would run from Owen Sound To Port Arthur. Then the branch was abandoned and went to wreck and ruin. Trestles were burned, dumps settled down and the rails spread, and washouts caused great destruction. It was a sad disappointment to the people at Algoma Mills, as they had been expecting a great increase of business. The C.P.R. had the foundation for a large hotel, intending it for a summer resort. The foundation stones are still there, but no return for the money it cost. However after a period of time the road was reconstructed and run through to the Soo.

There is not very much to tell about the remainder of "Eighty-three", except just about ourselves and what we did. There were not many women in Sudbury. I think I could count all of them on my fingers. First and foremost was the James McCormick family, who arrived from the Veuve the same day we did with their three daughters, Molly, Susie and Nellie. Susie is the only one of the girls to survive. She married Robert Burns in May the following year. Miss Boyd, of whom I spoke as being the telegraph operator at North Bay; when we arrived on that memorable day, was sent on here and had a little office near the Company's store. She also was married the following year to Mr. J. C. Worthington, son of the manager, whom she survived. She later married Dr. Hentschel, who was practising in Mattawa. Mrs. Kilby, a dressmaker, whom I had met at Sturgeon came along with two daughters Edna and Mamie, now Mrs. W. J. Hambly and Mrs. Fitzgerald.

Our nearest neighbour was James Perkins a "walking boss". His wife was a little doll of a woman. Mr. Worthington called her Polly Perkins, because of the song about "Polly Perkins" so popular just then, and she represented the heroine of the song very well.

Mr. Larone was carpenter here at that time. I remember seeing him sawing boards by hand on a frame set up opposite the Balmoral. The saw was set upright, one man on top of the frame and another underneath, working the saw up and down the length of a log fastened midway on the frame. There was no sawmill nearer than Sturgeon Falls, the boards were needed for partitions in the log houses people were building for themselves. After a little while, the Company put up a house between ours and the Perkin's house. It was for a family coming from Petawawa by the name of Josiah Smith, but more about them later. I suppose there were more women than I have mentioned, as there were quite a few log huts stuck around the edge of the clearing, but I did not know who lived in them.

There were several hundred men, and where there are men a Justice of the Peace is necessary. As Mr. Worthington couldn't be around all the time, Mr. McNaughton of Newcastle, Ont., was appointed Stipendiary Magistrate and was here before us, having arrived on the 24th of May, 1883. He had been through a very trying experience, having been lost in the woods. He had gone out to examine some rocks in the vicinity of where Pearl St., is now. It clouded up and

began to rain. The bush was very dense, there was neither sun, bells nor whistles to guide him. He wandered right around the village and off south about fifteen miles. He was quite an elderly man, and being drenched with rain, and without food, had almost collapsed when he tripped over a telegraph wire which had fallen from the trees, to which it had been attached. This gave him renewed courage, and he followed it until he came to a temporary camp occupied by some engineers. It was just where the village of Naughton is now. It was first named McNaughtonville, but was shortened for convenience. He was still suffering from the effects of exposure when we came and his nerves were unstrung. He complained of the noise at the boarding house, so I asked him to stay with us for a little while. An amusing incident occurred while he was there. I have said that I gave out medicine, and the men knew that; so one morning, before I was up, a Frenchman came. Mr. McNaughton opened the door, and the man asked for the doctor; being told he was not at home, he asked for "Madame le Docteur." Mr. McNaughton, not understanding, thought he was swearing at the doctor because he was not at home when wanted. This raised Mr. McNaughton's ire, and he proceeded to give the astonished man a sound rating. I could hear it all through

the loose board partition, and hastened to explain. Things quieted down and the man got his medicine. Mr. McNaughton took up a section of land, subdivided them into building lots; and the streets Elizabeth, Annie, Jessie and Jane were named after his four daughters: only Jessie survives; she is living on St. Joseph Street in Toronto.

My housekeeping was rather primitive. All my furniture except one bedstead was made by hand, from boards sawn by hand and were not camouflaged by paint; so there was not much dusting to do, and no fussing over bric-a-brac or anything beyond the plain necessities of life.

The cooking problem perplexed me most. Every single thing had to be brought from the end of the iron over the rough road by wagon, so we did not get many dainties. Canned fruit and vegetables were practically unknown, there were no such things as self-sealers. If housewives wished to keep fruit it was dried or preserved "pound for pound". Eggs did not carry well, and in hot weather such things as butter and lard were hard to handle without ice. There were no cows or hens at first in the place, and potatoes were the only vegetable brought in, there being no gardens as yet. We got evaporated apples and in season plenty of blueberries and wild

raspberries. Once I saw "Polly" Perkins take some nice little puff cakes from her oven, I asked her where she got milk and eggs to make them. She said, "Oh! I just use water and baking powder." So I tried the same, but my cakes were not very popular. Some private parties undertook to bring in supplies, but I do not think that was a success. Mr. John Frawley called on me, he was taking orders for butter and eggs which he was to forward from Pembroke. I gave him an order, and it was filled all right. He did not return at that time, though later he went into business, and is still residing here. In his trips down the branch, Doctor stayed at a construction camp, beside a small lake near Naughton, where a family by the name of Brownlee lived. They told him there was another lake over behind the hills called Whitefish Lake, and that there was a Hudson Bay Post there and an Indian Village. It sounded like a story book, real Indians and a real Hudson Bay Post. We decided to visit it at the earliest opportunity. We drove to the Brownlees' camp and they lent us a canoe. They gave us directions as to where we should find the portage to the other lake. We found it without much trouble, a narrow footpath over a steep hill to the Indian Reservation. On reaching the top we looked down to the other side equally steep, upon a beautiful

little lake, Whitefish Lake by name, not very broad but about two miles long. Opposite were the buildings of the post, some children were playing on the beach. A "hello" attracted their attention and they ran into the house to report our presence. Two little boys came out, shoved a canoe into the water and paddled toward us. Arriving at our side, they took off their hats greeting us most respectfully. They said they were Simon and George Ross, sons of the trader in charge of the post and asked if they could do anything for us. We were surprised at so much courtesy, from such little fellows, reared in such an isolated place. On hearing who we were and why we had come, they said their Mama had heard of Dr. Howey, and would be pleased. We did indeed receive a cordial welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Ross. They had lived there over twelve years, very seldom seeing a white person, and Mrs. Ross had born eight children with no doctor and no one but Indian women to care for her. We were given a good dinner, and then shown about the place. There was a garden, and there were hens and a cow. There was also the store, where all kinds of dry goods required by the Indians were kept, and sold to them in return for furs; and the furs, most valuable and beautiful, some packed in bales ready to send out but many still hanging around:



MR. AND MRS. ROSS AND FAMILY

red, black, white and silver fox, mink, otter, beaver, great soft bear skins; and the commoner furs worth very little then, coon, muskrat and wolf. An Indian would sell a muskrat skin for a plug of tobacco. Now they are electric seal.

Everything for the store and for the Ross family was brought from Goderich by boat, to Little Current on the Manitoulin Island, every six months, fall and spring. Mr. Ross and sometimes Mrs. Ross took the trip by canoe to Little Current, and a steamer to Goderich; where they bought supplies to last for the ensuing six months: returning with their purchases to Little Current; where Indians were waiting with canoes to transport the goods to the post. It was an arduous undertaking for there were many portages, where everything had to be unloaded, and canoes and goods carried over on foot, taking several days. Passing the garden, as we returned to the house, Doctor noticed a large pumpkin just turning ripe, and mentioned that he was very fond of pumpkin pie, so then and there he had the promise of a pie, should he return when the pumpkin was ripe. It happened that he did, and I won't wait to tell you how well the promise was fulfilled. After the first visit we went quite frequently and were there when the

big pumpkin was gathered in and the pie made with much talk and great expectations. Mrs. Ross had never seen a pumpkin pie made, and went about it after her own idea of how it was done, peeling pieces of pumpkin and slicing them into the pie, à la apple pie, sprinkling with sugar and adjusting the top crust. When it was served, I was glad I had said nothing about liking pumpkin pie so was at liberty to choose a piece of blueberry pie, but poor doctor, I could hardly conceal my delight watching him eat his pumpkin pie. He declined a second helping on the plea that he had eaten so much of all the other good things.

To return to our first visit, we spent the afternoon visiting the Indian village, about two miles distant, at the far end of Whitefish Lake. We paddled down of course. It consisted of a few log huts and a number of wigwams, some covered with skins but mainly with large sheets of birch bark. They were scattered about, just any place, on a large, level grassy clearing. As our canoe scraped on the wide sandy beach, we were greeted by about a dozen dogs, setting up such a din, barking and yelping and almost jumping into our canoe; whereupon the inhabitants came popping out of wigwams and huts, full of curiosity, but as they came near they assumed their



INDIAN CHIEF "MONGOMIS", WIFE, DAUGHTER, GRANDDAUGHTER AND DOG.

characteristic dignified manner and came forward smiling a welcome, none of them being able to speak English then. They were Indians all right, dark and long black stiff looking hair, but I was disappointed, as at Sturgeon Falls, that there was no war paint or feathers. There was one very, very old woman who filled the bill very well. Rather terrible to look at, her dishevelled grey hair falling over her bleary eyes and wrinkled face crippled with rheumatism, she hobbled toward us, with a toothless grin. Imagine my horror when she wanted to kiss me. They called her Nokomis, which is Indian for Grandmother. I am sure she must have been a grandmother for a good many generations. We called on Chief Monguii and his wife. Their married daughter was there with a wee baby. Its name was Keechegooze, which means, "looking at the sky". Her husband's name was Weegaus, meaning "meat". The chief was very old and very proud of a medal given him by Albert, Prince of Wales, (afterwards King Edward VII) when he made his official visit to Canada, and many Indian chiefs went to Toronto to declare their allegiance to the white Queen Mother Victoria, travelling many miles on foot. Their burying ground was on a high hill overlooking the village. There were quite a lot of graves, and it was pathetic to see so many new made

graves of little children. It did not speak well for the continuance of the tribe. Tiny graves were adorned with bright coloured pebbles and bits of broken china, and festooned from the two pieces of board, which marked the grave were little pieces and strips of pretty coloured cloth, knotted into lengths of twine, anything which the wee one may have treasured. The graves of some of the more important braves had small log structures over them.

The coming of the railroad changed this remote and peaceful scene. I visited it last summer. After fifty years there is no trace now of the Hudson Bay Post having existed, and the home of the Indians is truly a deserted village, only a couple of the better houses still standing, but uninhabited. The former residents have built homes along the road leading to the Soo line, where it is possible to cut wood from the reserve and draw it out for shipment. The graveyard has many more graves, but mostly uncared for—all so very desolate.

Mrs. Ross and I enjoyed our visit together immensely and during the course of conversation I had complained to Mrs. Ross of the difficulty of cooking without eggs. I was surprised when a couple of Indians came in one day bringing me a half dozen hens and a

big white, rather ancient rooster. Well that was fine, and we soon had a "hen coop" and hens in it, though of course the hens rambled and scratched all they liked, there being no gardens—but our new neighbours had brought hens with them from Petawawa and a smart young shiny black rooster with white ears and red comb, alienated the affections of our hens and induced them to come and lay in his hen coop. When our old white rooster protested there was a duel to the death, and it was our rooster that died. Dr. Girdwood was a witness to the tragedy, and next time he came to Sudbury he brought a mysterious box which he placed by the kitchen door, and at daybreak when the Smith's rooster came forth crowing a challenge to any rooster on the C.P.R., who might doubt his prowess, Dr. Girdwood slipped out dressed only in night-shirt, and removed the cover of the box. Out stepped as gallant a game rooster as you ever saw, tall and slick, lovely plumage, nicely trimmed comb and spurs long and strong. Blackie eyed him for a moment, and recognizing a dangerous rival charged, getting the surprise of his life. It was no old white rooster he had to deal with this time. He soon ran for cover which he found when he fell into a post hole where the newcomer jumped onto him and crowed until we took him away, and Blackie very

crestfallen, ran for home. That was the end of our trouble, our hens stayed home, and I am not sure but that some of the Smith's hens came over, I never bothered to count.

In September I went for a short visit to my friends the Whitnals who were still at Sturgeon. The "iron" was laid a few miles this side of Wahnapiatae, but doctor drove me to Wahnapiatae, and from there I took the construction train the rest of the way to Sturgeon, riding up in the cupola of the caboose.

Sturgeon Falls now boasted a proper station and Mr. Brown, who had arrived from Renfrew was agent, and his daughter Mary was telegraph operator. She and Lily Whitnal had struck up a friendship and we were invited to the Browns one afternoon for tea. It happened that a young man by the name of Ruben McKeown dropped in and remained for tea also. He and Mary seemed to be on very intimate terms. I went out with Mrs. Brown to look at the garden, Ruben and Mary sat by a window talking, so Lily sat down at the piano and amused herself running over some music. It happened that a picture hung over the piano, which acted as a mirror to reflect the couple at the window. Lily said to me after we left "I do believe they are engaged, I saw him kiss her

in the picture over the piano". They were married later, so she was probably right.

The weather was perfect so we spent a lot of time on the river. Lily had a friend who had a canoe, and who took us out nearly every afternoon. He had come up from Montreal. No one seemed to know what his business was, he registered as Captain Kerr at the Scott House. He was handsome and debonair, such men were scarce along the C.P.R. I should have felt very much "de trop" but Lily regarded my arrival as a God-send, inasmuch as her mother refused to allow her to go out with him minus a chaperone. They knew nothing about him and considered him a sort of an adventurer, besides, so I learned later they already had hopes for Miss Lily. Anyway we fished and picnicked all we liked during the few days I was there and had a very nice time. My return trip was not very enjoyable. I could go only as far as Wahnapiatae by rail, getting there with the work train at six o'clock and doctor was to drive down for me in the morning with the horse and buckboard. I was to sleep at McLaren's boarding house. It was crowded beyond capacity. There were hunters, fishermen, peddlers and some just to "view the landscape o'er." They were glad to pay fifty cents for the use of a blanket and the privilege of ly-

ing down on the floor to sleep. There was only one bedroom, and it was given to me—very small with no window except a section of about a foot of one log cut out and covered with a piece of cotton. No furniture but the bed and one chair. They gave me sheets and a pillow. I was thankful for the sheets, as I had learned the possibilities of grey blankets. Ablutions were to be performed in the morning in the kitchen. I had a candle stuck in a bottle, which I put on the chair. I had just dosed off when the door opened and my landlady said a girl had just come in from the other side of lake Nipissing. She was going up to Sudbury to work for Mrs. Dan Dunn and would I let her sleep with me as there was no other place. What could I say but yes! So I rolled myself up in one of the sheets and took the front of the bed. I thought if it comes to the worst I can roll out on the floor. She came in with a very free and friendly manner. She was not bad looking, anyway she could not be a worse risk than the blankets. As she climbed over to the back of the bed she said with a laugh, "It's a long time since you and me sleep together Miss Howey ain't it?" I agreed and hoped next time it would be longer.

Excepting the C.P.R. freight boats, those big red "pointers", there had been no boats

on Ramsay Lake as yet. If we wanted fish to add to our limited bill of fare, we fished off the rocks along the shore, so when Judge McNaughton brought up a row boat, although it was clumsy, heavy and leaky, we were glad to take advantage of his permission to use it. The lake was full of many kinds of fish, black and rock bass, pickerel, pike and once in a while some one would haul up a big maskinoge, weighing ever so many pounds—and there was no newspaper to get our picture in. There were whitefish over in Tupawin Lake, but we did not know there was a lake there. So you see there was always one or another kind of fish in season, but we did not pay much attention to that part of it.

As the “iron” drew nearer to Sudbury, the engineers found their office at Sturgeon Falls too far away. There was no place for an office here so they looked about for a suitable place to pitch tents which would answer until they could do better. They chose the space between our house and our little hospital, as being on the hill it would be dry and was already cleared. Then Mr. Ramsay brought his out-of-rood staff, leaving Mr. Whitnal in charge of the office at Sturgeon. They lived in the tents the remainder of the summer and all winter, taking their meals

at the Balmoral. This was very nice for us, they were a fine lot of fellows both old and young. Mr. Duchesnay was the chief's assistant and his assistant was a wonderful little black spaniel. He had a little tent all to himself with a red flag flapping, on which was his name FRITZ in white. The staff was composed of Mr. Dan Wiley, a little more than middle age, Harry Whitnal, a mere child; Mr. Duchesnay, young and very active; Thomas Shaw, right from Scotland, who prided himself on weighing "14 stone" and spoke with a burr which did not deny his nationality. Mr. Wiley was English and never failed his cold bath every morning even though he had to break the ice in his collapsible rubber bath tub. Then there were Jack and Tom Mackie, two nice boys from Pembroke. Tom is, I think, at present city engineer in North Bay. Fritz was a most intelligent dog. He really seemed to understand everything his master said to him. One time having laid a mitten on a stump while making some observations, he forgot it, so showing the mate to the dog, he told him to go and find it. It was over half a mile from the camp, but Fritz found it and brought it back.

The summer was passing, the evenings were fine and I longed to be at the lake. My husband usually was away, or too busy, or too



"DADDY" BLACK AND LITTLE "MA" GOING TO THE LAKE

tired to take me. I thought of a scheme which worked out quite to my satisfaction, and made me popular. I invited Lily Whitnal to pay me a visit and her parents readily consented. The handsome and dashing Captain Kerr was still at Sturgeon, perhaps that was an influence in my favour. The weather was lovely and the lake was very attractive, but there was only the old tub of a boat. Under the circumstances that did not suit Mr. Duchesnay, so he procured a small bark canoe from the Indians. It would only carry two safely if the lake were a bit rough, and that suited him all right. What could be more romantic, perfect weather, a little bark canoe, a beautiful lake and a pretty girl. I have given you two names for our lake already, but its very first name was Indian. "Bimimagamising" in one word it looks dreadful, but is not at all hard to pronounce if using the individual syllables, Bim-i-tim-a-gam-i-sing. Indian words are pronounced as they are spelled, probably because they were rendered into English as they sounded when spoken by the Indians, and translators did not bother thinking up any fancy spelling, such as we have. We spent nearly every evening on the lake. Anyone familiar with Lake Ramsay will have noticed on the south shore of McNaughton Island a large cube-shaped boulder. There we cached a few cooking utensils,

frying pan, a couple of pails and some tin dishes. The engineers usually knocked off work about five o'clock. We would be ready with supplies and would start for the lake walking along the tote road. Reaching the lake, Mr. Duchesnay would bring his canoe, from its hiding place in the bushes, the big boat was launched and all sail set for McNaughton's Island where we would land, light a fire, put some potatoes on to boil, then pick blueberries for our dessert. Others paddled off to get a fish, they never failed to get one in a short time, there were plenty of them in those days. At first there was always a discussion as to who was to dress the fish, but we made a rule that the one who caught it was to clean it. It was noticeable afterwards, that there was not so much discussion as to who should hold the line. Supper over, the evening was spent on the water. The chief's assistant and Lily usually disappeared first, commanding the canoe. It was not long before I could not help seeing that he greatly admired my guest, and that with all my other roles it was up to me to become a blind, deaf and dumb chaperone. Though one cannot perform that duty very satisfactorily when those concerned are a mile or so away in a bark canoe. But Mr. Duchesnay's cause did not progress very favourably, perhaps because a fat let-

ter, in a gentleman's handwriting, arrived every few days from Sturgeon, until her little brother Harry, who was with the engineers made the discovery and reported it to his father. They ceased then and I never heard anything more of the captivating captain, and as little pitchers have ears and tongues as well, Harry informed me that his mother liked Mr. Duchesnay. So that was all right, and Lily responded more graciously to Mr. Duchesnay's attentions. We had spent a very pleasant month, but the time came for Lily to go home. The doctor had a call to Sturgeon and was driving as far as the Wahnapiatae, taking the construction train from there. Lily decided to take the opportunity to go home. So good-byes were said, and Mr. Duchesnay said it was possible he might have business at Sturgeon in a few days. But before they reached Wahnapiatae they were overtaken by Mr. Duchesnay on horseback. He had discovered at the last minute, that the business was urgent. Afterwards Lily confided to me that his urgent business was to ask her the all-important question, which he managed to do before they left the train; and that just at the crucial moment, Dr. Howey, who sat near, interrupted by calling their attention to a nice patch of potatoes which some one had planted beside the track. How mundane! On such an occasion

he should have sized up the situation, but men are slow sometimes, slower than women I think in that way, and then think of Mr. Duchesnay putting off the fateful moment until it had to be on an old construction car, where they could not even bind the bargain properly. Of course I suppose fearing his rival, he could not let her go back free. But just think of those evenings on the lake, the sunset, the moonlight, all the romantic environment and the opportunities I gave them all wasted.

Early in the Spring the Indians had sent my husband a queer present, twin baby moose. The dearest little things, but what to do with them, that was the question. A high board fence was built and they thrived and grew very fast. They were so tame, if I went into the yard they would almost push me over with their friendly greeting; but we had no place to keep them during the winter so the doctor advertised them for sale. A New York firm answered the advertisement, offering \$200.00 for them, so they were sent away. I was very sorry we could not keep them, they were about eight months old then. We received word they were sold to a Russian nobleman, to train for driving. I hoped he would be kind to them, they were very tame and had always been petted.



DR. HOWEY'S LOG CABIN ON "PULL HILL"—CORNER ELM AND LORNE

About the first of September, Mrs. Ross invited me to go with her by canoe to Little Current on Manitoulin Island. She was going to meet a Miss Horrigan, whom she had engaged as governess for her children, she would arrive on a certain boat from Goderich. I was delighted at the prospect, and did not fail to be at the Post the night before in order to start early next morning. The morning proved all that could be desired, sunshine and no wind. Looking toward the lake I saw two canoes on the beach, one large five fathom and a smaller one. The large one looked very luxurious with lots of gaily striped Hudson Bay blankets and cushions and pillows galore. The smaller canoe had the tents, cooking utensils and food for three days, at the end of which time we expected to be at the Hudson Bay Post on LaCloche Island, the residence of the Chief Factor of this district. I was given to understand that a chief factor was a very important person. Oh! so much higher up than a mere trader like Mr. Ross. Immediately after breakfast we took our places in the canoes. Mrs. Ross and I each had a place in the middle of the big canoe. One Indian was in the bow and two in the stern. The smaller canoe would follow with two Indians. All aboard, and Mr. Ross standing on the beach, gave our canoe a shove out with a "Bon voyage" and

we were off. The paddlers dipped in unison throwing up little splashes of water which sparkled in the sun. It was a glorious morning, the air so bracing, the lake so blue, the sun so bright, the foliage just showing autumn tints here and there, a paradise in the wilderness, miles and miles from civilization and we two women starting on such a jaunt with five savages. Wasn't it thrilling?

We hugged the shore along Whitefish Lake until we came to our first portage. Such a narrow little path, if one did not know of its whereabouts it would be difficult, but it had been trodden by moccasined feet for years untold, no wonder they walk in Indian file, we did too—the shrubbery brushing us as we passed. It was not a very long portage into the next lake called Clear Water Lake, but we had to go through the performance of unloading and transporting the canoes and all our outfit, the same as though it were a mile long. Mrs. Ross and I picked up our own belongings and then watched the men load up. It was astonishing the loads they could carry. There were five men, remember and there were two canoes and all the stuff, yet they took everything in one trip. The bundles of blankets, cushions and tents were tied into a tump-line and carried on their backs, the broad part of the line resting on



BEGINNING OF TRESTLE 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ MILES EAST OF BISCOTASING

the forehead, leaving the hands free. Then the canoes turned upside down over their heads, the thwarts resting on their shoulders steadied by paddles crossed on the thwarts, it was surprising to see how easily they seemed to do it. There remained only the utensils and baskets of provisions, which they carried in their hands.

We embarked again on Clear Water Lake, which deserves its name, for we could see the white sand and pebbles at a great depth, the water being crystal clear. Again everything was lovely, the hills, the rocks which were covered with blueberry bushes already turning to their lovely maroon autumn tint, and the perfume of evergreens. It is not a large lake and crossing it brought us to another and longer portage, leading to one of the many Trout Lakes in this north country. After reaching it, and when all were aboard again, I threw out a troll and could hardly believe I had a fish, when in just a few minutes I felt a tug at my line; but it was a fish and I hauled in a dandy big lake trout. It flopped around so that I had to ask one of the Indians to take it off the line. He laughed and said something in his own language, which I fancied was not complimentary to my sportsmanship. When we landed at the next portage where we were to have dinner, it was skilfully,

prepared and cooked in the most approved style on a plank (or big chip) before the fire by the Indians. The fish with some nice mealy potatoes baked in the ashes made a most acceptable lunch for us hungry travellers. These trails and the camping places have been used for ages by the Indians. Long before any white man came this way they were treading these narrow paths in their migrations at different seasons, in winter to their traps, in spring to the sugar bush, where they made sugar and put it in containers made of birch bark, some of which they decorated very artistically with coloured porcupine quills; in the fall to their hunting grounds. How independent and happy they must have been, and how they must regret the coming of the white man. Though not always so peaceful—for they had their quarrels with other tribes—perhaps they enjoyed treading these paths in all their war paint and feathers. I suppose it was the only time they had occasion for pow-wows and full dress.

Not one of our escorts could speak English, but, of course, Mrs. Ross spoke their language, Ojibway, fluently. They were so different fifty years ago from those we see around town today, civilization creeping near has changed them and their environment, not

for the better I regret to say. I liked them and admired their dignified and courteous manners and kindly ways.

A little rest after our lunch and then over the portage to another lake called Round Lake. Every one we came to seemed prettier than the last, reminding one of the West India Islands. This one was a little larger than those we had passed. It is in the hardwood belt, and the different kinds of hardwood trees, each with its own autumn tint, contrasted with the dark evergreens, and were repeated upside down in the mirror-like lake, with bold rocks showing here and there to break the monotony. Now we were getting glimpses of the LaCloche mountains in the blue distance, all combined to make a picture beautiful beyond my powers of description. This wonderful Canada of ours—not half appreciated or cared for. On looking over an engineer's map a few days ago I felt so sad to see large tracts of land in that very district marked "Gone over by fire".

The time passed pleasantly and quickly, we were so comfortable in our roomy canoe, reclining on cushions, to read or sleep or do a bit of fancy work, or just be lazy as we felt inclined, while our barge was propelled over the dancing waves by our dusky crew, like some oriental ladies of high estate. All too

soon we were informed that we were nearing an island where there was a fine place to camp for the night. It was necessary to land early as there would be a good many things to do before dark. Such a pretty island, almost perfectly round, like a pin cushion laid down on the water, beautifully wooded, and a nice clear place for our tents, and stones arranged for cooking, used for the purpose many, many times before we came. The canoe was run up beside a flat rock which made an ideal landing place. We gathered up our personal possessions and clambered ashore, just as if we were what we were, and not queens or anything. The canoes were drawn up high and dry for fear a gale might spring up during the night and blow them "out to sea" what a catastrophe that would be. A small tent was pitched for us, the other proved to be just a piece of awning, it was tied up to the limbs of trees, to form a sort of lean-to protection for the men. A camp fire was built, partly to enliven the darkness, and partly for warmth as the evening was growing chilly, and another small fire was built in the stove fireplace. Indians always prefer a small fire, because they can get close to it. We hadn't a thing to do, they attended to everything, so we sat on our moose hair cushions and drank in the loveliness. The sunset sky was a glory of gold and crimson and pale blue, one could

imagine it was the entrance to the City of Light, "whose walls are of jasper and its streets of pure gold." There were little white caps on the waves which caught the tints of the sky, the light breeze brought to us the fragrance of pine and balsam, but presently that was outclassed when our hunger-sharpened senses detected the odour of frying bacon floating over from the cook's fire. After supper a couple of our staff "washed up", the three others cut poles for the tent, and balsam boughs for our beds. The tents erected, a thick layer of boughs was laid each side of the tent covered with tarpaulins to protect from dampness, then the blankets and pillows. This completed a comfortable and fragrant couch. Was there ever more temptation to go right to bed after a long and delightful day. We were soon between those blankets and the lapping of the water on the beach, the snip, snip of the dying camp fire, the low tones of the Indians talking beside their campfire in their soft musical language, lulled us to sleep before we had time to really appreciate our wonderful surroundings. However, we found that out when we were awakened about four the next morning and invited to get up and renew our journey, as we had to make a hurried trip in order to meet the incoming boat at Little Current, but don't imagine we were up for the day, not even for

breakfast. We simply wrapped up in a blanket and transferred ourselves to a nest in the bottom of the big canoe, which the Indians made for us with our blankets and cushions, where, with the motion of the boat, the rhythmic dip of the paddles and the rippling of the waves against the canoe, we were soon back in the arms of Morpheus. Could one imagine a more ideal environment for a morning nap? We were awakened from this blissful state about eight o'clock by the canoe scraping on a pebbly beach and found we were expected to get up for breakfast. The piece of awning was stretched around some small trees to make a little dressing room. The little shelter faced the lake and there was a grand bathing beach which we enjoyed, and dressed while breakfast was being prepared. We breakfasted off a fish which had been swimming in the lake not an hour before. Then to the canoes again, and on to Lake Panache, usually called Penage, but it was named Panache, which is French for feather or plume, because of its outline, which on the map resembles a feather with its main stem and many little indentations. It was only a short distance to the portage but it seemed rather long and tiresome. Panache is the largest of the chain of lakes, being about eighteen miles long. It was lovely, as they all were then, but I believe the bush

around it has since been burned. We had been fortunate in not having any rough weather so far. But there was quite a little breeze on Panache so our men decided to put up a sail, using the piece of awning fastened to a couple of paddles, which had to be held up by hand. We flew along merrily for a while, but as the breeze became a wind it had to be lowered and we went back to paddling, even that became alarming as the wind increased, Lake Panache can work up quite a sea. Mrs. Ross tried to quiet my fears by saying that Indians never ran risks, but I didn't see how they could avoid it when caught out in the middle of a large lake. Yesterday they had been whistling for wind, now they had too much, but being accustomed to canoes all their lives they managed well, and I got more confidence, though some of the breakers were pretty big and heavy. I noticed the men in the bow every little while shouted something back to the men in the stern. It always sounded the same so I asked Mrs. Ross what he was saying. She said he was warning the men in the stern of big waves coming, and as they usually followed each other in threes he would call out "one again, one again, one again" so they could be prepared to prevent the canoe from turning broadside on. This was all very well, but I was very glad when we reached the portage which

would lead us to the Whitefish River, and that would lead us to Georgian Bay. It was another long and tiresome portage and after my nerve wracking voyage on Panache I was glad when we got settled in the canoe again where there did not seem to be any danger. I had not been told there were rapids to come, anyway there were none that day. Our journey down the river was uneventful. We stopped at another pretty spot for lunch, let the men have a little rest and a smoke, in the shade on a grassy bank and then away again until sunset, when we camped beside a waterfall and had the murmuring of the water and the whispering of the pines for our lullaby. The river broadens out forming many small lakes, most of them have names though they had not in the olden days I am writing of. I do not know the names of all, they are mostly named to commemorate men who were well known in the district. There is Lang Lake, Walker Lake, Cross Lake, Charlton Lake and Frood Lake, all names familiar to us in the olden days, all these were in our path and then came Georgian Bay. There were several rapids on our course, only one of which we dared to run with our big canoe, as the water was low at that time of the year, and we had some long portages around them. I enjoyed the excitement and thrills of the rapids but did not feel that I should like to do



DONALD MCTAVISH, FACTOR H.B. CO.

it again. We came out to the Bay in the afternoon and hoped to get to LaCloche in time for supper, but the wind was rather strong and we had to keep close to the land instead of cutting across small bays, etc., which made the distance much longer. Coming to a rocky point, where the waves were dashing high, and finding it would be impossible to round it, we gave up all hopes of our supper and a bed in the home of Mr. Donald Mc Tavish, the Chief Factor, and looked about for a place to land and camp once more. It was growing dark and the shore was high and rocky, we could see no place possible except a low sandy space covered with reeds, but the waves were knocking our canoes about, so, better than a watery grave we landed. There was difficulty in finding poles for the tent, in making them hold up in the soft sand, in handling the tents because of the wind, and in lighting a fire to get something to eat. Our provisions were about exhausted. The bread was all gone and the bacon. There were a few potatoes left, so we had potatoes and fish. We could get no boughs for our beds, but the tarpaulins spread on the soft sand did fairly well, I hardly slept at all, though it was not the hearty supper that kept me awake. Our tent was, of course, pitched right among the reeds. It was the fear of snakes. I had been told long before that there

were many rattle snakes in the LaCloche Mountains, and every rustle of the reeds outside our tent gave me a chill; we had not been able to have a fire, as the driftwood was all wet and nothing else available, so there was no fire to keep wild animals or snakes away nor to cheer the gloom of the horrid place. Next morning the sun was shining and the wind had fallen, we each had a piece of fish, with no accompaniments, and all and everything went down to the sea in boats. We made the Hudson Bay Post at La Cloche about noon, and were cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Mc Tavish. We were a dishevelled pair, but were given an opportunity to make ourselves more presentable while dinner was being prepared. Mr. McTavish loaned us a sailboat to cross the seven miles to Little Current.

We stopped at a little hotel kept by Mrs. English, to wait for the arrival of the boat from Goderich. In the meantime Mrs. Ross did some marketing to replenish our provisions for the return trip. The boat came in, Miss Horrigan, the expected governess, came ashore. She and her luggage were soon transferred to our sailboat together with ourselves and our supplies, returning to LaCloche where we spent the night, and next morning we embarked on our homeward voyage, which

was uneventful, except that we "poled" up the rapids which we had run. It was another experience, though not so thrilling, except that I was nervous for fear a pole might slip or break at a critical moment, and let our boat go whirling among the rocks to destruction. We arrived home safely after a most pleasurable excursion. The weather had been delightful all the time, though we could have managed with less wind on the Bay.

By September the track was laid to within about nine miles east of Sudbury and the camp began to stir around to get ready for its arrival. Work had been suspended on the Algoma branch, and a great many were coming from there. Leach and Brown had put up a saw mill on the little lake east of here, which was called Minnow Lake, as it was there we went to get bait for fishing, I hear it is called Black Lake now. I do not know what it is named on the maps, but I think our name was preferable. With a sawmill in the vicinity, building speeded up and log houses went out of fashion.

The C.P.R., offices were to be moved here from Mattawa, so a large long frame building was put up where the C.P.R. freight shed is now. It faced west, the end next Elm St., just about opposite the Nickel Range. It was two storey and was intended for the

manager's residence. The remainder was just a long row of offices, for the staff. Mr. McNaughton, Stipendiary Magistrate, was given an office there too. Farther along the right of way was a shed or storehouse for all kinds of merchandise to be distributed to the company's stores along the line, and farther still was a small shack, which was to answer for a temporary station when the iron reached here and some kind of a stopping place would be needed. It stood just about where the coal chute is now. A long broad platform connected these buildings, and later the track was laid along the opposite side of it. That very same platform is there today, doing duty for the freight shed. Lumber was plentiful and good, after the saw mill arrived, so the planks were sound and thick.

Our neighbours the Josiah Smiths went elsewhere and a second storey was added, then the Whitnal family arriving from Sturgeon Falls occupied it. I was glad to have them for neighbours and Lily and I did a great deal of snow shoeing. It was very nice for Mr. Duchesnay, saving him frequent trips to Sturgeon, and shortly before Christmas he and Lily were married. Dr. Howey and I were guests at the wedding, which took place in her home. It was a very swell affair for those days. Everything was sent up from

Montreal, not forgetting the champagne, and it was amusing, that after all that swagger, they were obliged to start on their honeymoon in an old caboose, attached to the working train. The track had reached here in November, but there was no accommodation for passengers.

As yet there were no church buildings in our town, but the Roman Catholics, to whom the credit is due of usually being the first voice heard crying in the wilderness to prepare the way for the Gospel, had applied to the government for lot five in the township of McKim and were clearing a spot on the north side of the creek, on which to build a church. Father Nolan and Father Cote were superintending the construction, a very difficult job, for although it was rustic, built of logs, much of material required had to be shipped from Montreal, and delivered by the C.P.R., at the foot of the lake and brought up on a raft. A two storey building was raised, the upper part was used as a chapel, and the lower for a school, where all denominations attended, paying fees to meet the necessary expenses and to pay Miss Maggie Smith's salary, the first school teacher. The building is still there, but bricked over and is now known as St. Anne's Rectory. There was difficulty about the boundary line. It was found

that lot five took in Elm St., the only semblance to a street we had, and a few buildings had been erected, which caused an embarrassing situation. However, it was amicably settled, both the Catholics and the town agreeing to let Nolan Creek (named for Father Nolan) to be the dividing line, as it still remains.

The Rev. Gowan Gilmour was the first Anglican clergyman to hunt us up. He came from the Soo by boat to Algoma Mills, then after the branch was abandoned he came on to Sudbury, travelling on snowshoes the whole way, remaining one night in a deserted construction camp, where he lighted a fire on the "comboose" but had no blankets, and in the morning shared his couch with the mice. When he arrived here he was suffering painfully from "Mal de Racquet", and his eyes were so sore and swollen from the sun and snow that he was very nearly blind and was obliged to remain in a darkened room for several days. In 1885 he went as Chaplain with the 12th and 35th Regiments (York and Simcoe Battalions) and on his return was made Archdeacon and remained at the Soo until his death in 1928.

Several ministers of different denominations paid us occasional visits, gathering up a few people and holding a service wherever

they could, mostly in private houses. Rev. Silas Huntingdon as Methodist minister was the first of these, coming up now and then from North Bay, while there was an Anglican by the name of Johnson. After the telegraph office was moved into the big office building, the little shack was used for a school, and religious services were held in it.

The weather was extremely cold and I was getting tired with my various duties, so when an Indian girl wandered up from Manitowaning expecting to get work in some of the men's boarding houses, but failed, I took her in. She worked pretty well, cleaning etc., but she was not very healthy and I did not keep her very long. She had the queerest remedies for her ailments. When her head ached she would take a piece of broken glass and make little incisions all over her scalp, and her hair would be full of little clots of blood. She told me many other remedies the Indians employed. The strangest was the practice used by midwives when labour was unduly prolonged. Their remedy was: the eyes taken from a live owl and dried; when occasion required, it was possible to soak them up and the mother swallowed them. The theory was that when the child saw those eyes, it would make a vigorous attempt to escape.

An amusing incident occurred while she was with us. As our sleeping accommodations were very limited, we procured a folding "stretcher" for Christina; it was folded and set up against the wall during the day, and unfolded and set up between the stove and the kitchen table at night. There was just room for it. Usually Christina whittled shavings and carefully laid the fire for the morning, putting a match on the hearth, so she could reach out and light the fire before she got up, and so have a warm room to get dressed in. This had all been attended to on the night in question. Dr. Girdwood was sleeping in our "guest chamber", we had all retired, and "all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse". The partitions of boards conducted every sound, and presently I heard Christina's stretcher creak and Christina's voice in her funny French, very emphatically saying, what sounded like "acre mo dee," and then we heard the jolly crackling of her fire, Christina's best laid plan for a warm room next morning had gone up in smoke, and there was no more kindling ready.

1883 proved to have a very cold winter with great quantities of snow and blustery storms. There were many Italians working on the road, many of them just out from their sunny Italy. I could see gangs of them passing on

their way from work, wallowing along in Indian file through the deep snow, every one carrying a big blue umbrella to protect them from the bitter wind, their heads wrapped up and wearing long capes, they formed odd looking processions. They were faithful workers, and never thought of trying to rule their adopted country.

December now, and Christmas in the offing. The track had reached here in November and more luxuries were available, at least what seemed luxuries after our long subsistence on absolute necessities, therefore we decided to give a party. To our delight Dr. Girdwood had sent up turkeys for us and the patients in the hospital. Then the question arose, whom shall we invite. The engineers whose homes were in Canada had gone to spend Christmas with their families. Mr. Wiley (of the cold baths) and Mr. Shaw the big Scotsman, whose homes were across the sea had left, but there were several nice fellows who could not leave and were looking kind of homesick, so our list was made up, Gough and Harry Fairman, bookkeeper and clerk in the Company's store, Francis Fulford, Draftsman Pierre, Muelier, Commissariat for the boarding cars, and Mr. Thompson who was in charge of the supply store, his little boy was with him. They had expect-

eded to go home but were unable to do so. We must ask Miss Horrigan, the only girl available. These and ourselves counted up made eleven, our table accommodated eight comfortably; but we thought that by distributing the fat and the lean guests judiciously, and by sitting very close together on the benches we might manage four on each side, I would have one windsor chair at the head of the table, and with doctor on a box at the foot, and little Billy Thompson on a box at the corner, by his father, we might manage. So they were all invited and all came. Miss Horrigan came the previous day and she and Pierre undertook the decorations, and made a woodland bower of our little room, with cedar and balsam boughs. They prided themselves on a "Merry Christmas" done with cedar which extended nearly the length of one log on one side of the room. It was very much admired, until little Billy, in a rather loud whisper said to his father, "Pa see that S". We all looked at that "S" and discovered for the first time that it was hind side before. Then as usual, pride had a fall. When dinner was ready there was a discussion as to who should sit where. Someone suggested measuring each guest to determine the amount of bench space they would require, and then space off the benches accordingly. However, that idea was not carried out. Im-

agine us then, I in our one chair at the head, doctor on a box at the foot and our guests rubbing elbows at each side. There was not room on the table for the turkey, so Pierre volunteered to carve it in the kitchen, but after we were seated he brought it in carrying the platter high and marched solemnly around the table, proclaiming about St. Nicholas and a turkey, until the company protested that they would rather eat it than hear about it. Despite the many makeshifts, which we did not mind at all, it was a real Christmas dinner with most of the eatments and drinkments which custom and tradition have made almost necessities. All were in good spirits although we were a little bunch of strangers gathered from every direction, away back in the wilderness, hundreds of miles from any of our kin or friends. One would not feel so isolated now where distance is annihilated by planes and fast trains. If any one had spoken of travelling by air it would have been a joke too silly to laugh at. Before our guests departed we sang Aulde Lang Syne, I think everyone, as we sang, visioned a different group of old acquaintances, and it seemed to cast just a little shade of sadness, which soon passed and as they said "good night" everyone agreed that we'd had a very Merry Christmas.

For New Year's about the same party was invited to the Hudson Bay Company post and a dance at the Indian village New Year's Eve. As the Branch was abandoned there was no traffic on the tote road so Mr. Ross came for me with a dog team and the men snowshoed. There were three dogs, two Indians, and Mr. Ross in command. Cushions were strapped on the toboggan. I was rolled up in a blanket and strapped on to it, ropes attached to each side at the back of the toboggan were held by the Indians to steady my craft going down hill, and prevent it rolling over with me on the tippy places. Dr. Howey and the boys, Fairman, Mueller, Fulford were to follow on snow shoes like a sort of body guard. The flag was flying when we arrived, and the children rushed out, each trying to be the first to say a "Happy New Year". Supper was ready for us and we were ready for it. Then a smoke and a rest for the men as they were tired after a twelve mile snow shoe, and did not feel just like starting out at once for another two mile tramp down the lake to the Indian village. However, the Indians do not wait until the night is half gone before they begin to dance, and we were expected to be on hand at "early candlelight". I suppose the time was given that way because of the scarcity of clocks and watches among them. Early candlelight is pretty early in January

so we could not rest too long. While we were getting into our wraps and bundling up the children, for all hands were going, I heard Mrs. Ross say "Simon, tackle the ox". I did not know what she meant, but found that a young ox which was used to draw wood, was to draw us too, at least the women and children. So the ox was "tackled" to the wood sleigh with rope harness and lines, blankets and cushions were in demand again and we all piled on, Mrs. Ross and the baby, Simon the driver, George, Robert, Arthur (Art Ross of the Boston "Bruins", I am his Godmother) Charlie, Alexander, Roderick, Colin, Donald and Sybil (the only daughter) Miss Horrigan and myself. Simon did not spare the whip, so away we went, the ox on the full gallop. It was a wild ride, but good fun. On our arrival Mr. Ross insisted on the usual New Year's ceremony being observed. On that special date every man was expected to kiss every woman in the Company. Our boys were a little dubious about the old women, and their kisses were like a touch of a butterfly's wing, but when it came to the young girls' turn they did their duty manfully. After that the orchestra began tuning up its fiddle, it consisted of one man by the name of Martin, and soon the strains of the Fisher's Hornpipe were floating on the air. The girls were squatted on the floor around the walls with

small bright scotch plaid shawls over their heads, the braves stood in a group about the door, as I have sometimes seen more civilized braves do at parties. They were shy about starting to dance, but when "money musk" started up, it brought some of them to the middle of the floor, from where they chose their partners by crooking a finger at the girl they wanted; as they were seated rather close together, they were sometimes uncertain as to the one who seemed to be chosen and would look up and ask "nur?" (me) and if so, he said, "Kagat", (it is true) then she would get up and go to him. They danced no round dances, nor square dances but most wonderful step dances and jigs. They danced facing each other and back to back, and round and round each other, but never touching. As the evening wore on they got more confidence and the older people feeling the urge, joined in and the dancing became fast and furious, now and then we had a sample of their war whoop. Mr. and Mrs. Ross danced with them, the latter vying with the girls for light feet, but our boys would not enter. About ten o'clock a large basket of sweet biscuits, which Mrs. Ross had provided, was passed around and greatly appreciated. It was the only refreshment served. Then the ox was "tackled" again, and we went back to watch

for 1884. When it arrived greetings were exchanged, and "so to bed."

Next day, being New Year's day, Mrs. Ross gave us a typical Hudson Bay Post dinner. Minue Mouffle soup, made from dried moose nose, venison and beaver tail, the latter considered a great delicacy and very good, if you like that sort of thing, potatoes, and plum pudding, even a wee bit o'scotch to toast the New Year, and then the return, as we had come, having enjoyed it all beyond words.

We had not forgotten our patients in the hospital, but did all we could to cheer them as much as possible during the festive season. The cook and nurse had brought his wife and two children Mary and Jacob to Sudbury, and they were living in the hospital too, so he had help other than the "chore boy", the latter just then a middle aged man. Dr. Girdwood had sent up turkeys and lemons and oranges, and that helped a lot to make it "Christmas-sy". There were a good many patients, some with pneumonia and one with typhoid fever, his was the only death which occurred during the three years we were in charge. One man came in "all broken up", as he said himself, (and he was) from an accident in a rock cut; but doctor mended all his fractures and bruises, and he lay in his bunk and got fat. Another patient had been hit on the head by

a falling tree. He was blinded and his mind affected in a strange manner. He did not know who he was, and could not remember anything for five minutes. He had a different name for me every day. I would say to him, "Well Tom how are you today?" "Fine," "Do you know me?" "Yes," "Well who am I" "Why you are Mrs. So and So." Next day I'd be Miss Somebody. Nothing could be done for him here so Dr. Girdwood sent a man with him to the hospital in Montreal. When they went in the orderly asked what ailed him and was told that he was blind and didn't know anything. The orderly said, "Oh, is that all"? and Tom spoke up, "Well, hain't that enough?"

There were plenty of frozen ears and toes, some of them had to be amputated, and for those and fractures I had to administer the anaesthetic. Poor doctor was obliged to watch me and the patient as well as attend to his work in hand. It was a good thing that I was not given to fainting at the sight of blood. When I think of those days now, I marvel at the things we did with the few conveniences we had, and under such conditions. When the Company's office building was finished the staff was moved from Mattawa and installed here. Mr. Worthington established a man and his wife, by the name of



PLAY—LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET

Gosslyn, in the dwelling part to keep house for him and his son J. C. Worthington.

The Stipendiary Magistrate, Mr. McNaughton, who had won the complimentary title of Judge, was given an office there also. We were still under the Public Works Act in regard to liquor, and with the influx of people, off the "Branch", although the road was not open for traffic, bootleggers found it possible, and most profitable, to smuggle in supplies of the precious stuff. Sam May was appointed detective, a good choice, for he was fond enough of it to find it if it was anywhere about. There were so many arrests that Judge McNaughton found his office altogether inadequate to serve as a court room, and there was no proper "lock up" for the prisoners. Therefore, it was necessary to build a court house and jail. It was erected just back of where the present court house stands, a frame building painted white, with cottage roof. It was used for many purposes other than holding court. Religious services, whenever anyone happened along to preach, and sometimes an entertainment, and we even got up a concert, which was so well attended that the doorkeeper doubled the price of admittance when the house became pretty well filled.

A Mr. Boland came professing to be able to mesmerize. I thought his performance was a hoax and remarked that he could not mesmerize me. He asked me to give him a chance. I said willingly, but not in public. Our house was very near the jail, so it was arranged that he should come home with us. Miss Horrigan was with me, and a few of my friends came along to see the fun. Miss Horrigan volunteered to try it out too. He placed us in chairs side by side, gave us each a penny to lay on the palm of our hand, and not to take our eyes off it. After a few passes of his hands over our eyes, and waving them before our faces, he said "Now close your eyes," more passes, "Now open your eyes," we did. "Do you not feel drowsy?". "No, not in the least". "I hope you are not resisting me." "No, I want the experience". "Try again and keep your mind dormant as possible." I tried not to think of anything, but felt an almost irresistible inclination to laugh. We obeyed orders again, closed our eyes, and to Mr. Boland's discomfort opened them again when he told us we could not. So he gave up, saying, "Well I have failed, good night."

Those cold winter evenings my husband and I spent mostly alone, beside our little box stove. He was usually very tired after his

work along the line and cared only to put on a pair of old carpet slippers and lean back in our homemade lounging chair and smoke, but soon decided that smoking alone was not as pleasant as it might be, so he said to me one evening, "I wish women smoked, they used to". "Well" I said "get me some cigarettes and I will smoke". So sure enough some cigarettes were included in the next consignment of medical supplies, and I smoked them. The engineers were all tired enough with their out of door work to go to bed very early, though sometimes some of them would drop in for a game of whist. Mr. Wiley loved cribbage and taught me the game. I still have a cribbage board which he gave me.

In the Fall of 1883 Dr. Howey had talked a good deal about the possibility of our rocks containing something valuable and had shown the bright specks in bits he had picked up where blasting was going on. This created quite an interest and many pockets were worn out carrying pretty pebbles, and window sills in the boarding houses were piled with chunks of rock big and small, but after Dr. Selwyn's visit and his discouraging report on the samples he had tested, the excitement died down, and we heard nothing more of prospective wealth in our hills. However, the idea had gone abroad and some hopeful

prospectors came in to see for themselves. The result was that Tom Murray of Pembroke applied for a lot somewhere in McKim Township, under the Mining Act. This started the excitement afresh. Sudbury was inundated with prospectors, from all directions and all distances, though most of them who took up claims were our old acquaintances, James Stobie, Fred Eyer, Henry Ranger, William McVittie, Reynaldo McConnell, Phil Green, McCharles and others. Many of the claims which were sold for a song proved very valuable, apparently the owners did not understand, or were not in a position, to carry on. Such a small beginning to have grown to almost unimaginable proportions, known the world over. The samples of ore which induced Mr. Murray to take up his claim came from the very rock cut where Dr. Howey picked up the sample ore.

One day, Judge McNaughton asked me if I would like to come into his office and see his trophies. I said "Have you been out hunting?" He said, "No, but Sam May has." They proved to be an array of many inventions used by the bootleggers for smuggling liquor, which had been discovered and confiscated. There were the two halves of a hollow tin vest which fitted around the body and were fastened by straps across the back, and straps

over the shoulders. It would contain quite a supply of liquid, a rubber tube attached was used as a syphon to fill the flasks. There were also cans with a tube down the centre filled with oil or vinegar, or some other lawful commodity, but the space around contained nothing so innocent, there was even a hollow cane. The most amusing was a big rubber doll with a very lifelike head, which had been carried carefully wrapped up and apparently sleeping, all the way to the end of the iron, by a woman whose husband worked on the road. It was a very profitable business if they were not caught, a small flask would sell for ten dollars. After the track was laid it was possible to do business on a much larger scale. It was brought up in kegs on the working train, supposed to contain oil or syrup or something lawful, but for safety's sake and by pre-arrangement, as the train slowed down coming in, the kegs were rolled off down "the dump" where an accomplice would be waiting to hide them in the bush for future reference. Sam May was supposed to meet and inspect the train, but of course there was nothing doing.

Although the track was laid this far, there was still an immense amount of work here, and east of here to be done to the road bed. Steel, and stone, and cement would have to re-

place the many wooden culverts and bridges. Trestles had to be filled in, stations to be built, and shops and yards provided, so there were still a great many men employed. They had been receiving pay all winter, and had found no way of spending it. Spring was coming and they needed new clothes. The Company's store was quite inadequate to supply the demand. A few enterprising people in the east realized the situation and were not slow to take advantage of it. Our first merchants were peddlers with their goods in packs on their backs. John Frawley was the first of these having made a visit here in 1883. This time he decided to remain and set up business in a tent, pro-tem. Mr. J. L. Morris, P.L.S., had been "laying out the town", and we had two streets now, Elm and Durham, though I don't think they were named as yet. Elm extended from our house on "Pill Hill" to where Young St., is now, and Durham from the Catholic church property to about where the coal shute is.

Elm Street became the business centre. John Frawley started out with a \$500.00 stock of gents furnishings in a tent twelve by eighteen and he made so much money that he excited the envy of a young man by the name of "Bob" Tough, who wanted to go in with him on a fifty-fifty basis, but he could only make

a raise of \$488. However, he had a good tent eighteen by twenty-seven which made a grand addition to the premises (Bob Tough died a millionaire a few years ago) so it was Frawley & Tough. Then Bob's brother Alex set up a pool table in a tent next to them, which was a good idea as it drew customers to both places. The next business venture was a barber shop which George Tuddenham started in a grand rough board shanty. Of course that flourished with so many men about wanting hair cuts, and their whiskers (which all wore then) trimmed, so the boom started. Zotique Mageau pitched a tent and went into the boot and shoe business. Frawley and Tough did not have the monopoly on the gent's furnishings very long as Pat Manion (father of Dr. Manion, M.P.,) went them one better, for he started in the same business but in a board shack with a lean-to room. There were others but those are the only ones which I remember distinctly. The Company's store handled groceries and yard goods. Can you imagine our city then, when it was one year old, the little bunch on the hill, our house, the hospital, the jail, the engineer's tents, the Smiths and the Perkins?

Looking down Elm St., from our door there was nothing but bush to the Balmoral and from there on the street was lined on

either side with board shacks and tents, the road ankle deep with mud every time it rained, and not a board to step on, though here and there a root or a stone. But Sudbury grew up fast, another boarding house was built on the corner about where the Mackey Block is now. Dan Dunn ran that, a notable character, famous for his kind heart, charitable nature and ready command of an extensive vocabulary of choice oaths, which he made use of when he considered them useful.

After Robert Burns left the C.P.R. store, Mr. Stephen Fournier took over the management of it and the post office. He had followed the fortunes of the C.P.R., from the very beginning, when it was started at Pembroke to link up with the Canada Central Railway, Pembroke being in railway connection with Ottawa and Montreal. Mr. Fournier was with the first gang June 1878, to work between Pembroke and Petawawa. They were working along the Ottawa River and living in tent. Mr. Fournier was working with the gang, but was given charge of stores of goods kept on hand for the men's needs. He kept his stock under the stairway in Mr. Bowes house at Tucker's Creek. When supply stores started on a larger scale, he was in charge of many of them, finally coming to Sudbury on March 4th, 1884, and remained here until his death on

March 9th 1929. The fine hewn log building here was quite different from his first store under Bowes stairway. However he was not long in Sudbury before he was tempted by the success of the newcomers in the mercantile business to set up in business himself and a Mr. Knowles took over the company's store and also supplies for the company's boarding house. Mr. Chamberlin came from Montreal as bookkeeper for him. Mrs. Chamberlin came also and they lived for a short time in the small log house which the Perkin's had vacated. Mrs. Chamberlin was very musical and taught music classes here for several years. Mr. Fournier bought some land across the creek from the Catholic Church and built a store and dwelling combined. He took the post office with him, which move did not suit at all. It was a muddy walk to the creek, which was spanned by a bridge of loose planks laid on logs, with other logs on top of them to hold them in place. When the creek flooded, as we all know how it can, the bridge was under water, with only the tops of the logs showing, over which we had to walk to get our mail. Fortunately there were no old people, and I don't believe there were any infirm people here, and most of us were pretty good at walking logs, and I did not hear of anyone getting a ducking in Nolan Creek. That building still stands there though very much

enlarged. It is No. 74 Beech St. Mr. Fournier remained there until 1886 when he built a store on the corner of Elm and Elgin Sts., known as the "Golden Ball", because of an immense golden ball perched on the gable. Old timers still speak of it as the Golden Ball Store, though the ball mysteriously disappeared one hallowe'en and was never seen again. Frank Muirhead was accused of being the saint who spirited it away, rightly or wrongly I cannot say. The post office, which had many stopping places before it found a home of its own in the Federal Building, now followed Mr. Fournier into the Golden Ball. From there it went with Mr. Fournier into a dwelling house which he built on Elm St., next to the Balmoral in 1889.

As we are going to have a real passenger train sometime, and people will want tickets and waiting room, and baggage checked, a real station was built about opposite the King Edward Hotel. It was a two storey frame building, with a one storey baggage room attached. It was painted green with darker green trimmings and stood west of the tracks, so we had to cross the tracks when coming from town to get to the station. C. J. Rea was the first agent, and C. W. Waggner telegraph operator. Wood burning engines were in use and as the tenders would not carry



C.P.R. STATION SUDBURY, 1884,
COURTNEY MCINTYRE, ENGINEER NEAR ENGINE. C. J. REA, AGENT, BY THE DOOR.
S. W. WAGGANER, TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, STANDING BY POLE.
NOTE WOOD-BURNER ENGINE

sufficient fuel for long distance stops, wood was cut and piled at intervals along the track, so when fuel was getting low the train stopped and all hands helped to "wood up". This was done even after passenger trains were running, and sometimes passengers who wanted to "stretch their legs" would jump off and help.

After this, more and more people began to arrive, and of course, the more people the more need for the necessities of life, and the more business and the more work for those who came. Store buildings took the place of tents, and tar papered wooden shacks and more dwelling houses of a better class were built, and streets were laid out. But we were still gathering violets east of Young St., and picking blueberries west of Eyre St., and early in the spring the lovely trailing arbutus was plentiful there. The Donovan sub-division was a barren sand hill. However, a man by the name of Donovan built a small house there, and attempted to do a little farming, hence the name. There were no buildings between the station and Lake Ramsay, though a man by the name of Potter came soon from Pembroke and put up a saw mill on the shore of the lake, directly where Chalmer's boat-house is now, and a dwelling right in front of the present home of Mr. Allan Chalmers,

the present owner of the boathouse. Mr. Potter brought his wife and family of small children, who lived there until the children were quite grown up, and the father and mother passed away. The family consisted of seven girls, who were very popular among the young people, and one boy, Joseph, the youngest, who died overseas during the World War. The girls have for the most part found homes in the States, except Margaret, who married Major R. G. Leckie, a prominent mining speculator, and since his death has made her home in Vancouver.

Mr. Worthington left about this time, and Mr. Harry Abbot, who had been manager on the branch took his place and lived in the apartment which he had vacated in the office building. He brought with him, as his assistant Mr. Richard Marpole. Mr. Marpole wished to have his family with him, and as many more houses were needed, Mr. Abbot caused two double frame houses to be erected about where Beech St., crosses Monk, and they were occupied by Mr. Marpole and Mr. Colgan, a bridge inspector, in one, Mr. Carwell and Mr. Thompson in the other. They were the first houses to be painted, except the jail, and of course, the office buildings. Others were log or newly sawn lumber. Four more families swelled the population, and we



C.P.R. STATION. 1884

began to feel quite grown up, although only a little more than a year old. We had more weddings too. Mary Brown was married to Reub McKeown, of the picture mirror incident of the previous year, while I was visiting in Sturgeon Falls, and on the 17th of May, Susie McCormick was wedded to Bob Burn. So you see all my little romances were coming to a happy ending. After their marriage the Burns moved to Mattawa, and later to Renfrew where Mr. Burns died in 1913. His wife then returned to Sudbury and is still here vying with me for the distinction of being the first permanent resident. We arrived here from the Veuve on the same day, July 1st, 1883. I am not prepared to state positively who reached here first, though I think the Howeys had the advantage as the McCormicks came on a load of hay, while we drove in buckboard, anyway honours are pretty even. I am hoping the people, of whom I write, will not feel indignant at my familiar use of the intimate names we knew each other by in the old days. It brings their memory back so vividly, and I see them as they were then, when we were all like one big C.P.R., family.

The weather was getting pretty hot and my husband was feeling weary and none too well after the cold winter, and hard work dur-

ing the break up of the season, long trips on horseback in rain and through mud and water. He needed a change and a rest, so two of the doctors west of Pagamasing very kindly offered to split up their work and one of them come here. He would "keep bach" in our house, and look after the hospital and the men along the line for a couple of weeks. We went to Ottawa, and around by Toronto, then back to Ottawa and home at the end of the fortnight. We had not announced our return, but the holiday had expired and we counted on being expected. There was no sleeper, of course, on the train which arrived at Sudbury about 7.30 a.m., so we felt rather bedraggled, tired and hungry, and glad to reach home after the tiresome night journey. As we left the newly erected station to walk up the track (there was no sidewalk) towards town we looked up at our house on Pill Hill. As there was nothing between but the frog pond, we saw two men come out on the run pulling on their coats as they ran circling around the frog pond to the station. As they drew nearer we recognized the doctor we had left in charge and another doctor who had evidently been keeping him company. We saw them pass behind the station and step on the train which was preparing to pull out. Dr. Howey thought it strange that one of them at least had not remained to report on

what had been done, and what there was to do. When we reached the house the puzzle was solved. We had many a laugh about it afterwards, but it was not a bit funny at the time. Such a looking place, the colour of the rug was hidden by mud dried on and trampled in, the two beds were tossed and dirty, not just soiled. Everything in the kitchen had been used, pans left unwashed on the dirty stove, and not a clean dish to be seen. Tobacco ashes and burnt matches everywhere, and to my sorrow every jar of marmalade I had made from the two crates of oranges and lemons which Dr. Girdwood had sent up at Christmas was empty on the table. I went back into the other room, looked at the filthy little box stove, and the dust everywhere and just sat down and cried. The doctor, feeling sorry, grabbed a broom and started to sweep, his intentions being of the best, but before I could protest the room was filled with dust so we had to run out of doors to breathe. Then we just left everything and went down to the Balmoral to get some breakfast, and I did not go back until the combined efforts of my husband and the cook's wife and the chore boy from the hospital had made it fairly habitable. MORAL—Never take people by surprise.

1884 passed along with people coming and going, construction work of all kinds going on, but as yet nearly everyone was connected in some capacity with the C.P.R. Through the influx of speculators there had been a boom in the merchandise business and to the boarding houses, so much so that Mr. McCormick enlarged his log building, and gave it the dignity of an hotel, providing space for a bar room, so that as soon as the C.P.R., should be released from the Public Works Act, he would be ready to procure a license for the selling of strong drinks. It was now a very nice frame building, which has since been bricked over and enlarged many times, but if you should today walk into the Balmoral Restaurant, next the Huron Chambers, you would be in the very first old log Balmoral. Merchants who had been doing business in tents were making up their minds that Sudbury was going to go ahead, and were preparing to remain, erecting frame buildings for their stores and homes for their families.

We were still in our log cabin when my sister arrived for a visit the latter part of August. Her two little girls, Eula and Florence, now Mrs. G. E. Mabee of Ottawa and Mrs. W. A. McLeod of Sudbury, respectively accompanied her. They took to our mode of



BALMORAL HOTEL, 1886—SHOWING ST. ANN'S CHURCH UNDER CONSTRUCTION

life very readily. We fished and picked blueberries, and made a picnic trip on a flat car to the beautiful High Falls, a few miles west of Larchwood on the Vermillion River, where we spent a delightful day, having our lunch beside the tumbling waters and climbing to the summit of high rocks to obtain a view of the scenery which is superb in every direction. Then, of course, they must see the Hudson Bay Post, and the Indians in their aboriginal surroundings. As I have said the Algoma branch had been abandoned but it was still passable by hand car or jigger as some called it, so it was arranged that Mr. Ross would send a couple of canoes over to the Brownlee's camp to meet us about noon on a certain day. There would be four of us, and four young men who were eager to go with us, though the penalty for going would be to pump the handcar. The morning we were to start it happened that a man was brought into the hospital who had been injured by an explosion of dynamite and of course had to have immediate attention. It took some time to prepare for dressing his wounds with our few conveniences, so that it was nearly noon before we could get away. However, we were all ready and thought it better to go along anyway as they would probably be waiting for us, so we started without waiting for dinner; but when we arrived

at the Brownlee's they said the Indians had been there and had decided we were not coming so had gone back. They told us there was a trail around the lake, and it would be a walk of about two miles to the portage into Whitefish Lake. We thought that was better than pumping the handcar back to Sudbury dinnerless, so we chose to walk, but we did not know what was before us. It was not a very distinct trail and it led us up and down hill, over high rocks and swampy ground. There had been a fire in the bush, and there was blackened shrubbery and fallen trees, but rather than go back we perservered until it began to rain. It was late in September and darkness settled down in the bush so that we lost the trail. A council of Ways and Means was held. It was agreed that we should get out to the shore and wait while Dr. Howey and Harry Fairman would go over to the post and come back after us. It was quite dark when we got out to the shore, and we sat down on a prominent rock, to be called for. Time went on and on and no call. Eight, nine, ten, no call came. We had tried to make a fire but everything was wet and most of the matches in the crowd had been used for the comforting smokes the men had enjoyed on the way. The remainder were soon exhausted trying to light wet birch bark. The next idea was to gather branches and try



THE FIRST ST. ANN'S CHURCH—WHICH WAS BURNED

to make a shelter for us women, but it was a very leaky shelter, and worse than none for it dripped. Then Eula remembered she had some matches, (in one of her many pockets, — women did have pockets galore those days) — which I had given her to put in the safe, and she had neglected to do so. With the help of the latest newspaper, which I was taking to Mr. Ross, and birchbark, we did get a fire, but oh how famished and tired we were. About five a.m., there was a distant "Hello", which brought us all to our feet. A canoe was in sight, we answered the call vigorously, the paddler heard and located us. It was Mr. Ross. He drew in beneath the rock and handed us up a pail, it was full of hot gruel. Could anything have been more welcome? He said doctor got around the lake, even crossing a stream on a log, to reach the portage, but in the darkness couldn't find the entrance, which would be hard to find even in daylight unless you were acquainted with the land marks. It was partridge season, so the doctor was carrying his gun which he dropped in the stream, to find it then was impossible, and when he went back someone else had found it first. Not being able to go further, they settled down for a night in the open and managed to start a fire with some splints of wood, birch bark, and a cigar lighted with their last match. As soon as daylight

came they had gone over the hill and hailed an Indian who was fishing from a canoe. He took them across to the post and the household was soon astir, the gruel made and Mr. Ross off to the rescue, while the two who had arrived were fed and provided with dry clothes. While we were consuming the gruel, Mr. Ross had edged the canoe along the rocks to a place where we could embark. It was a good sized canoe but rather overloaded with our party, I realized that if we did not sit very still our adventure might not be ended yet, but we landed safely at the narrow little portage path. Climbing the steep hill with our wet clothes clinging to us, and the wet bushes slapping our faces was not pleasant. We were a queer looking company to come visiting. It was so dark the night before when we chose our place to wait, that we had not noticed that it had been burned over and that everything was black, and we had been so weary that we leaned against black stumps or used a log for a pillow so that we were as black as negroes, only that the rain had made our complexions somewhat streaky in patches, anyway when we reached the post. Mrs. Ross seemed able to recognize us and gave us a hearty reception with many expressions of sympathy. She had collected the household's wardrobes, and portioned out to each the garments most likely to be the nearest fit, and

after we got washed and dressed in our borrowed feathers, there were shouts of laughter as each individual appeared. Mr. Ross was a big man, and Mrs. Ross a tall woman, the boys were slim youths, though fortunately their clothes were rather large. Mrs. Ross' dress fitted my sister very well, but imagine me in one of her's. (I was just slightly over five feet in height). Dr. Howey fitted Mr. Ross' suit fairly well, but the legs and sleeves were turned up about half way, something was found for all but the combined result was very funny. We had breakfast, after which Mrs. Ross brought out the ever comfortable Hudson Bay blankets, and her supply of cushions and pillows, and made little beds around the floor for the men, while we womenfolk went to bed and slept until noon. Mrs. Ross had dried our clothes, and the Indian girl had pressed them so the masquerade was over, and the afternoon was spent showing my guests about the place and the Indian village, until time for us to return.

I have no recollection of anything very important taking place during the winter of 1884-1885, just things moving along, the population always increasing and more and more talk about claims and findings, buying and selling, and the price of copper etc., etc., even the children picking up bits of rock and

bringing them in to show "the yellow in them", and more and more were the window sills cluttered with "samples". In the Spring, the manager's house was vacated again, and we were offered the privilege of moving in. Of course we were glad to do so, though we and our bits of furniture were quite lost in such a spacious residence. With the manager's departure, the offices were closed, and that long row of empty rooms all opening off a corridor along the front was quite ghostly at night, when my husband was away down the line, especially as the house had not been erected for permanency, and the doors and windows had a way of rattling which was very alarming when I was alone in the big structure. However, a family by the name of Morton, he who built the White House, nucleus of the present Nickel Range Hotel, moved in the other end of it. We sent home for some of the furniture we had left behind, and soon made ourselves comfortable. There was a shed, and what had been a stable, so we got a cow, neither of us could milk, but the cook from the hospital attended to that, and there was always a pail of milk for him to take to the patients in the hospital. The cow stable had a window but no sash in it, and one day our cow put her head out of the window but could not get it back again. She got frantic and



NEW NICKLE RANGE

so did I. Telephones were unheard of so away I went, like the wind, after the chore boy at the hospital. He and the cook both came and by a good deal of twisting her neck finally got her head safely inside. Of course we fixed up a hen coop at one end of the shed and brought our chickens down, and I started several hens raising families. I had great success in that way and raised over sixty chicks, the same game rooster presiding over the flock. We had a beautiful Persian cat, a gift from Dr. Girdwood, which we tried to move too, but she would persist in going back to the hospital. Then Dr. Howey, returning from a trip to Ottawa, brought me a dear little thoroughbred cocker spaniel, which we named Romp, and which lived to be fourteen years of age. One day I missed him and went out to look for him; meeting two young girls I asked them if they had seen a little dog, with a big red ribbon bow on his collar, one of them said, "No we didn't, we are strangers here."

Toward Spring there were reports of trouble with Indians in the West, which had been stirred up by the rebel Louis Riel, and which actually reached the proportion of a rebellion. Soldiers went out to quell the disturbance and war ensued. One day in March practically our whole population was at the

station to cheer a body of soldiers passing on its way to the West to join General Middleton's Army. It was the Midland Battalion, commanded by Col. Williams, M.P., of Port Hope, the father of General Victor Williams, who won distinction in the World War, and who is now Chief of Police for Ontario. Col. Williams did not return from the front, he was taken ill and died on the boat just before it reached Battleford, as they were returning via the Saskatchewan River after hostilities ceased. Selection of the men for the expedition needed to be very strict because of the hardships they would have to endure, especially at that time of the year, with the lakes still frozen and long gaps in the railway not completed, so a composite battalion was formed and only the hardest and strongest were chosen from the following battalions:

- The 15th Belleville 1 Company.
- The 46th Port Hope 1 Company.
- The 45th Bowmanville 2 Companies.
- The 47th Kingston 1 Company.
- The 49th Hastings 1 Company.
- The 57th Peterboro 1 Company.
- The 40th Northumberland 1 Company.

That was the largest regiment that went out. They certainly were a fine lot of men, and as they detrained for a rest, looking so smart in

their natty uniforms, some with red tunics, and all with lots of well polished brass buttons, they were received with rousing cheers. It seemed such a pity that they were being sent out among hostile Indians and might be tomahawked and lose their scalps. The red coats of those days gave brilliance to the army, and made a soldier's life seem attractive, but if it should happen that there were snipers in the vicinity I would prefer to be in kahki. Colonel Hoffman Smith, of our town, was one of them that March day in 1885, and it is to him I am indebted for most of my information about the war, and what they killed each other for. The war, although a deplorable event, was really a help to the C.P. R., and consequently to Sudbury and its inhabitants, who were still almost entirely dependent upon it, as there was danger just then of construction coming to a halt, and we were getting nervous, for if it did we should all lose our jobs, and Sudbury might never have been on the map of the world.

There had been much grumbling about the immense cost of construction, many considered it a wild commercial venture which would never succeed, and the government feared the country would not vote for more assistance. However, Mr. Van Horne, (afterwards Sir William) who was General Man-

ager, stipulated that the railway officials should be given entire control of the transportation of the army, and when he managed to get the soldiers through to Winnipeg, in fewer days than it took to transport Wolesley's expedition in 1870, the grumblers realized that now with the lakes frozen, and no chance of going through the United States with armed men, the whole middle west might have been devastated before help arrived. They also remembered that the United States Government had been very unfriendly towards Canada, and would not allow Wolesley to use their Soo Canal so that his men had to walk across to Lake Superior and that it rather winked at the trouble the Fenian element was giving us there, both in the East and in the West; so it came home to the objectors, that an all British route across the continent was very necessary: not only for commerce; but for defense and security and peace. So opposition died down and we have our transcontinental and our Soo Canal and can thumb our nose at the one along side of it.

I remember very well when Riel, with his Fenian outfit crossed into Canada from Detroit, which was not a great distance from my home. I was just starting to school one morning, when a backdoor neighbour announced



THE CHAPLAIN'S TENT IN THE CAMP OF THE 12TH AND
35TH REGIMENTS (YORK AND SIMCOE BATTALION).
TAKEN AT HUMBOLDT, SASK., DURING THE
REBELLION OF 1885.

the news to my mother. Unnoticed I stopped to listen as they predicted all sorts of horrible things which those "Irish Yankee Fenians" might do, until a howl from me startled them, and they had to retract what they had been prophesying in order to comfort me as I sobbed. "Will they come and kill us all Mama?" I was only half convinced when she said, "No, no," and continued, "Our soldiers will drive them back." I went along to school and nearly upset the morning's work by the dreadful story I told the other children. Fortunately, none had heard the news so my importance was immense.

But to return to our personal affairs. Our house was large and we had guests quite frequently, people we knew or had heard of, or who had heard of us, passing up and down the line, so I needed help. Mrs. Ross sent me an Indian girl who had worked for her. She spoke only Indian and understood very little English and wouldn't try to speak it, so I had to get busy and learn a kitchen vocabulary from her. That was easy so far as things I could point at or make motions for, like come, go, hurry, sleepy, etc., etc.; but for other words which I found I needed, I tacked a strip of paper on the wall and made notes of them, and when any member of the Ross family came in I got them translated into Indian.

It is an easy language to learn, and I became able to chatter Ojibway quite fluently as long as I kept to household language; but sometimes when Indians came in from Naughton and started to talk on various subjects they thought it strange that I could talk to the maids and not to them. I had quite frequent friendly calls from the Indians. They always came in through the backyard and walked right into the kitchen, bowing and smiling and seated themselves on the floor around the wall. I always knew when they were near because my dog would begin to sniff around and growl. I'd say, "Indians Romp?" and he would give a little bark, his way of saying yes. He was always friendly when they came in. I wondered if he could tell their voices or could scent them so far away. Of course, we could not converse except in monosyllables about the weather; so they never stayed very long, but would get up, bow politely and leave us as silently as they came. My good little maid was obliged to go home, so Mrs. Ross sent another to take her place. Her name was Tahati, which sounds like the South Seas does it not? I never complained, but I have always had a suspicion that Mrs. Ross was playing a trick on me when she sent that wild girl to me. She could work but she looked and acted so uncivilized. The stairway in the house was not connected in

any way with the front rooms and one day I went up on a tour of inspection, and found among other objectionable things, a dish of bread and milk on the floor. Why on the floor? So I looked about and in a corner was a small box with its face to the wall. There were indications that there was something alive in it, investigating further I found a ground hog fast asleep. I did not disturb it, and never spoke of it to Tahati; but let her keep her pet, and I spoke of it to our next door neighbour. She told me that Tahati took it out on a string every morning, and walked it up and down on the long platform. But a time came when Tahati had to go. As I had no means of canning fruit, I had made a large stone jar full of "pound for pound" preserved blueberries. One day I gave Tahati a bowl and spoon with instructions to go to the cellar and bring some up. She did not reappear for so long that I peered down the stairway to see what was keeping her. Yes, she was eating the preserves, but the spoon was not big enough, the palm of her hand held more. That was the last straw, Tahati and her ground hog had to go. After that we got a girl from home and had no more trouble, though she did flirt with the cook on the men's boarding car which often stood on the track near our door and sometimes if I had been out I would find my living room full of his

tobacco smoke when I returned, but that did not bother me very much. After Tahati and the ground hog came our wild ducks.

Dr. Howey came in one day with three wild duck eggs. I put them under a setting hen and they all hatched out. Since that I have never believed that environment has much to do with the forming of character. It was a good motherly old hen that hatched them, and she'd had a good deal of experience in raising chicks; but she was utterly non-plussed with this queer addition to her brood, and they were the wildest little things one could imagine. They did not seem to understand her language at all; in fact would have nothing to do with her. So I took them in hand and made a nest for them in a box. Then although they had been out of the shells only a short time, no sooner had I put them into the box than there was a scramble and a flutter, and all my ducks were out of the box: not only out of the box; but out of the gate and off down the railway tracks. My niece Eula, who was with me, started in pursuit. They gave her a real wild duck chase, but she succeeded in capturing them. However, they did not thrive under my care and the poor little things died one after another. Civilized life did not agree with them.

August came, and with it came our soldier boys marching home again, those smart dapper boys who went out in March. Oh my what a sight!" rags and tags and patches. Some had trousers made of potato bags, some were so covered with patches of different kinds of cloth that one couldn't see what the original garments had been, some were bareheaded and some were wearing sox on their heads in the manner of toques. Little they cared now, for they had been victorious, and were happy to be on their way home, and responded gaily to the hilarious welcome they received here. Please do not think though, that amid the general rejoicing we forgot for one minute the sixty poor boys who would never return; or their bereaved friends who would mourn, while others rejoiced.

There were several young doctors working up west of here and when any of them happened to take a run down they always stayed with us. There was Dr. Henry, Dr. Ferguson, Dr. Ward, Dr. Landon, Dr. Struthers and Dr. McClure. One morning in September, 1885, Dr. Howey got a message from Dr. Girdwood asking him to meet another one, Dr. Arthur who would be up on the 22nd of the month. Of course doctor was late, and kept Dr. Arthur kicking his heels at the station for some time, very much to his annoy-

ance. Indeed, I think he holds it against us to this day. We saw more of Dr. Arthur and Dr. Struthers than the others. Poor Dr. Girdwood had his own time keeping all those boys in order. As an instance, one time a man had his feet frozen, they had to be amputated and Doctors Arthur and Struthers came to help with the operation. When they came in they sat down to play a game of cribbage while waiting for dinner. Dr. Girdwood arrived unexpectedly and had been told about the feet. When he came in and saw what was going on he was furious. Where was the man? Why had he not been attended to? and ended up his tirade by asking how they got frozen. Dr. Arthur answered very meekly, "I think it was the frost." They were always getting jokes on one another.

That spring I got a present from the Indians, a bear cub, about a month old, the dearest pet I ever saw. He would lie in my lap while I sewed, and suck his paw making queer little noises, which took the place of a cat's purring. I had him until he was three months old, and he went about everywhere just like a dog. One day, a Presbyterian student, Mr. Roberts, was calling on me, the door was open and in walked Mr. Bear, very much to Mr. Robert's alarm. I explained that he was my pet, but he did not seem satis-

fied, and remarked that he hoped he was not vicious. Perhaps that was why he told Mr. Rondeau he would need the six shooter.

By the Fall of 1885 there began to be great talk of minerals in the district, and prospectors were busy. In September, 1885, Rinaldo McConnell sent out Henry Ranger prospecting in Denison Township, and the Creighton Mine, where what proved to be one of the richest deposits of nickel ore in the whole world was discovered. After that we heard about nothing but mines, this claim and that being staked and sold and resold. We heard the names of Stobie, Beycroft, Tom Murray, Bill Dunch, Crean etc., all winter, and in the spring of 1886 we knew Sudbury was going to be a mining town.

The various mining claims which had been staked, principally on a chance that there might be copper or something in them, were being examined. Metcalfe and McAllister of Pembroke took up 1,200 acres around Copper Cliff paying a dollar an acre for it. Harwood and Crean thought they had made a find at Worthington, and that was where the first shaft was sunk, by a mining engineer named Heard, who had been sent up here by a wealthy Boston Syndicate on hearing of our mineral wealth. He was also a journalist, and wrote many articles for publication sit-

ting at my little desk in our front room. So the fame of our riches was spread abroad in the States, and presently Mr. Ritchie of Akron, Ohio arrived accompanied by a couple of other capitalists and bought out Metcalfe and McAllister's claim, (for which they had paid \$1,200 for 120 acres) for \$10.00 per acre, and Metcalfe and McAllister thought they were lucky. The Canadian Copper Company was formed.

Just then we got orders to move to North Bay as it was to be a division point, and many men were employed there. Mr. Ritchie was needing a house for himself and offices for his staff, so our house was just what he wanted. He came in one morning and asked me if I could be away by the next night. I said I could not get packed up on such short notice, so he said, "Don't pack, take your trunks and put any price you think fair on the rest of the stuff." So we sold everything we had to him for \$200.00 and went to North Bay the next day, and took rooms at the Grand New Pacific Hotel.

We remained there for three years, then returned to Sudbury, and found a great change had taken place.

We came here for a little while, and here we are yet. Many people have come and gone. They alight for a short time and then

flit away. Very few of the old timers are left. Many have gone to their heavenly home. I have never really wanted to go back south, and now I never shall. I have good friends here, such friends as I am sure I should never find again, and I have no greater desire now than to end my days in their midst.

Mrs. Howey passed away in 1936 at the age of eighty.



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